

JUNE-JULY, 1932

JUN 9 1932

NE
Ltd.

World

NCH
t

N

THE ACT

P. LARSEN, v
ian Review
ent, etc., if
odied in s

or more of

holders, if
ny but al
other ide
two para
is under
k and sec
son, assoc
by her.

ARSEN
(itor)

ew York Co
rk's No. 13
No. 3F10
arch 30, 1932

• THE • AMERICAN • SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW



The "Beatrice" at Anchor in Falmouth Bay

For extra *speed*
service and *accuracy*
use

RCA **RADIOGRAMS**

SPEED up your business messages to foreign correspondents "Via RCA". Profit by the added advantage of using the most modern means of communication to all the world. No relays, no delays—fast, accurate and direct.

Mark your messages

"Via RCA"

*The quick way to all the world
and to ships at sea.*

R. C. A. COMMUNICATIONS, INC.

A Radio Corporation of America Subsidiary

64 BROAD STREET, . . . NEW YORK CITY

Telephone HAnover 2—1811

CHRISTIANIA BANK OG KREDITKASSE O S L O

Oldest joint stock bank in Norway

Established 1848

Capital and Reserves Kr. 40,000,000.00

Owing to the decline of the Norwegian rate of exchange you will receive today more Kroner for your Dollars than in many years past. Furthermore, the interest on deposits is higher in Norway than in the United States. At present we are paying the following interest on deposits:

4% for deposit on regular savings accounts.

4½% for deposit on accounts at six months' notice.

Money which is to be deposited for your account with our bank may be paid to any accredited banks in the United States, or remitted direct to us by bankers' checks.

DEN DANSKE LANDMANDSBANK

HYPOTHEK- OG VEKSELBANK

AKTIESELSKAB

ESTABLISHED 1871

Share Capital (Fully Paid) KR. 50,000,000.— Reserve Fund KR. 34,000,000.—

HEAD OFFICE

12 HOLMENS KANAL · COPENHAGEN · DENMARK

23 METROPOLITAN BRANCHES

PROVINCIAL BRANCHES

AALBORG	FEMÖ	KOLDING	NYKÖBING F.	SÖNDERHO
BAOSVÆRD	FREDERICA	KOLIND	NYKÖBING S.J.	THISTED
BALLE	GRENAA	KORSÖR	NYSTED	TRUSTRUP
RANDHOLM	GUDERUP	LANGESKOV	RÖDBY	TÖLLÖSE
BRAMMINGE	HALSKOV	MARIBO	SAXKÖBING	TÖNDER
ESBJERG	HELSINGÖR	MARSTAL	SLANGERUP	ULLERSLEV
ESKILSTRUP	HOLBÆK	NAKSKOV	SÖNDERBORG	VEJLE
FARUM	HÖRSHOLM	NORDBY	STOKKEMARKE	ÆRÖSKÖBING
VEJØ	KALUNDBORG	NYBORG	SVENDBORG	ØRBÆK

Telegraphic Address: Landmandsbank

The American-Scandinavian Review

VOLUME XX

JUNE-JULY 1932

NUMBERS 6-7

Published by THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

Secretary, NEILSON ABEEL

HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN, *Editor*

The Review is published monthly, 35 cents a copy; \$3.00 a year. Associates of the Foundation receive the Review upon payment of membership dues.

Publication office, 41 William St., Princeton, N.J. Editorial and executive offices, 25 West 45th St., New York. All communications for publication should be addressed to the editorial office.

Entered as second class matter at the post office of Princeton, N.J., under act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1932 in the United States. Printed at the Princeton University Press.

Order the Review in:

Denmark: Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab, Viggo Carstensen, secretary, Store Kongensgade 72, Copenhagen.

Norway: Norge-Amerika Fondet, Arne Kildal, secretary, Lille Strandgate 1, Oslo.

Sweden: Sverige Amerika Stiftelsen, Eva Fröberg, secretary, Grevturegatan 16, Stockholm.

British Dominions: Oxford University Press, Amen House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE "BEATRICE" AT ANCHOR IN FALMOUTH BAY	Cover
JOHANNE DYBWAD AS HELENE ALVING IN IBSEN'S "GHOSTS." Frontispiece	326
JOHANNE DYBWAD. By Einar Skavlan. Six Illustrations	327
JOHANNES V. JENSEN. By Aage Marcus. Four Illustrations	339
ICE. Poem. By Albert Teodor Gellerstedt. Translated by Charles Wharton Stork	347
WORKINGMEN WHO WRITE. By Sven Stolpe. Three Illustrations	348
AN OCTOGENARIAN SCIENTIST. By Olaf Høltedahl. With Portrait	355
THE OLD ROYAL THEATER AND THE NEW STARLING BOX. By Julius Clausen. Four Illustrations	357
THE CONSCIENCE OF THE SEA. By Kristmann Gudmundsson. Translated by Richard Beck	362
TURN 'ROUND. By Johan Bojer. Translated by Lida Siboni Hanson	365
SHIPS OUT OF THE PAST. By Fred A. Brown. Four Illustrations	373
THE SEA. Poem. By Wilhelm Ekelund	378
"TO THE REAR, MARCH!" By Holger Lundbergh	379
AUTHORS AND LIBRARIES	381
A COMMENT ON THE KENSINGTON RUNE STONE	382
CURRENT EVENTS: U.S.A., Norway, Denmark, Sweden	384
NORTHERN LIGHTS	391
THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION	393
FINANCIAL NOTES; TRADE AND SHIPPING	

FINANCIAL NOTES

COPENHAGEN TELEPHONE COMPANY
GETS LARGE LOAN

In order to finance certain necessary improvements, the Copenhagen Telephone Company has obtained a loan for 5,000,000 kroner from the Great Northern Telegraph Company, which operates in the Far East. According to the telephone company management 15,000,000 kroner would not have been too much for the scheduled developments, but under the present financial conditions the company will have to do the best possible with the lesser amount. The consent of the Danish Minister of Traffic had to be obtained before the loan was made. Previous loans secured by the company were for 6,000,000 kroner, in 1909; 5,000,000 kroner, in 1914; 10,000,000 kroner, in 1922; and \$7,000,000, in 1929. The matter of increasing the capital of the Copenhagen Telephone Company has been deferred for the present.

SCANDINAVIAN PRODUCERS CUT THE
PRICE OF NEWSPRINT

Scandinavian manufacturers of newsprint have been offering their product on the Pacific Coast at \$41 a ton, a reduction of \$4 a ton, and in competition with Canadian and American mills. This is a result of the low exchange rates now prevailing in Norway and Sweden. The Canadian dollar remains quite firm, and obviates any further cut in the price of Canadian newsprint, which went from \$53 to \$50 a ton a month ago.

RECORD GROWTH OF BRITISH
ELECTROLUX COMPANY

Within the past ten years the British Electrolux Company has grown from a very small concern into a company which now employs two thousand persons, and in spite of the world depression, the business for 1931 showed such an increase of sales as to make a record. At the annual meeting, James Scrivener, the managing director, announced that the Marquess of Milford Haven, the brother of the Swedish Crown Princess, has been elected to membership in the board of directors. The company plans to further enlarge its plant at Luton, near London.

DANISH COOPERATIVE SOCIETIES
REPORT LOWER INCOMES

The United Danish Cooperative Societies have issued a report which shows that during the last two years there has been a decline in the income from sales of the various products. This has been especially noticeable in the matter of the dairy and the packing companies. At the same time, sales increased, due to the lower exchange rates. The combined decline in income for one year was from 1,929,000,000 kroner to 1,673,000,000 kroner.

UNITED STATES FINANCIAL OUTLOOK
IMPROVED, SAYS BANK

A recent Bulletin of the National City Bank of New York stated that the general outlook for business is believed to be considerably improved. The Bulletin quotes the *American Banker* to the effect that more than a score of banks previously closed were reopened in a recent month, and that concurrently the gold movement has once more turned

in favor of the United States. In regard to the new banking bill in Congress, the Bulletin says that "it is the hope of the conservative banking interests of the country that consideration of the question of banking reform legislation may be postponed by the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency until a more favorable time, when the problem can be more rationally considered in a more normal economic atmosphere."

BURMEISTER & WAIN PASSES DIVIDEND FOR 1931

At the annual meeting of the Burmeister & Wain Company of Copenhagen some criticism was voiced because the company would not declare a dividend for the past year. One of the stockholders, J. J. Christensen, declared it unwarranted that the company should owe between 12,000,000 kroner and 13,000,000 kroner to banks and that there had been no wage reduction, while it was reported that the officers had raised their own salaries. As reported in *Berlingske Tidende* a demand was made that these increases be returned to the company and that certain other expenditures cease. Replying to this criticism, Director Jarl declared that while it was true that there had been certain increases in salaries, this was due to the fact that in accordance with the new stock law, bonuses were no longer allowable and that for this reason there had to be a rearrangement of certain salaries.

OSLO SAVINGS BANK INCREASES ITS
NET PROFITS

With an increase in its net profits of more than 300,000 kroner the Oslo Savings Bank, the largest bank of its kind in Norway, had net earnings during its last business year of 2,893,102 kroner. The annual report of the bank is considered something of a barometer for the savings banks of Norway and is looked upon as showing that there has been a general financial improvement throughout the country. Interest paid depositors amounted to 12,556,514 kroner for the year. The bank has a paid-up capital of 22,000,000 kroner.

DIRECTOR O. RYDBECK RESIGNS FROM BOARD
OF SKANDINAVISKA KREDITBANK

After having been associated with the Skandinaviska Kreditbolaget for thirty-one years, Director O. Rydbeck, at the annual meeting of the bank, asked to be relieved of further activity as a member of the board. In 1917 Director Rydbeck became the head of this important Swedish bank, and in addition often represented Sweden at international gatherings. He was a member of the Swedish financial delegation to the Paris Peace Conference in 1919, and the Brussels Conference in 1920. Director Rydbeck is considered one of the outstanding financial experts of Scandinavia as a whole.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS CONSIDERS WORLD'S
COMMERCIAL BANKS

A pamphlet published by the League of Nations, dealing with the commercial banks of the world, is reviewed by Professor Sven Brisman in the Index, issued by the Svenska Handelsbanken of Stockholm. A matter considered important is the great difference between the degree of expansion of the banking systems in various countries, and this is one of the things which the League of Nations seeks to remedy through more direct cooperation than has existed in the past.

JULIUS MORITZEN.



JOHANNE DYBWAD AS HELENE ALVING IN IBSEN'S *Ghosts*

Photograph by Rud

THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

VOLUME XX

JUNE-JULY 1932

NUMBERS 6-7

Johanne Dybwad

By EINAR SKAVLAN

THE PERIOD before the turn of the century was Norway's golden age in art—a period of greatness which we can scarce hope to see equaled. In every field of art there were amazing numbers who displayed talent while a few reached the pinnacle of fame and became world-renowned: Ibsen and Björnson in literature, Edvard Grieg in music, and Edvard Munch in painting.

The stage has also contributed an artist whom I consider worthy of a place among these men of genius: Johanne Dybwad—the only woman in the group. Those of us who grew up in the latter part of the nineteenth century owe to her some of the most delightful and soul-stirring artistic impressions of our lives. But so varied are the conceptions of dramatic art, so bound up with the whim of the passing moment, so hemmed in by the restrictions of the language that happens to be its medium, that only the Norwegians, Danes, and Swedes have fully recognized Johanne Dybwad as one of the world's great actresses. On foreigners she has not made the same overwhelming impression, although they could not fail to recognize her great artistic ability.

Had she been more of the usual type, had her appearance corresponded more closely to what we unconsciously expect to find in a "great" actress, the verdict might possibly have been quite different. In the first place she is not tall, of rather less than medium height, light and active, but not slender, in fact, of a somewhat stocky build. Furthermore, Johanne Dybwad does not have the regular features associated with classic beauty, and her voice at times takes on a metal-

lic ring which might almost be called harsh. Nor does she charm or ingratiate, but she radiates a spiritual and physical force which grips and holds her audience. A strong personality, whose face reveals emotion, intelligence, and determination, Johanne Dybwad's most striking features are a high, smooth forehead, somewhat small but brilliant eyes, and a most expressive mouth. Her voice has unusual power and charm and a flexibility enabling her to express all shades of feeling, and she uses it with rare courage, for she is constantly seeking a realistic interpretation rather than harmonious effects.

An immature youth for the first time seeing Johanne Dybwad play would almost be frightened by her power and ruthlessness. Her portrayal of love was clean and fresh and far removed from all sultriness, but so daring and passionate as to confuse the younger spectators as well as the more unsophisticated of their elders. A vivid imagination led Johanne Dybwad always first to seek out the central theme of her rôle and emphasize it strongly, but afterwards her remarkable sense of realism would build up, round out, and justify her interpretation by means of innumerable small vivid touches taken from real life. With all this she never allowed herself to forget the author's dominant purpose. If a character was the creation of a great writer, his idea would be presented with inimitable force and fullness. In the case of lesser playwrights, she would often read a new meaning into the lines and create a rôle which, however, sometimes proved so strong that it burst the bounds of the play.

It is Johanne Dybwad's excess of imagination carrying her beyond the bounds of realism which has placed her best characterizations in a class by themselves, and which has made her, in the eyes of present day Norwegians, a dramatic genius greater than all others. But a certain artistic maturity is often required in the beholder in order to understand, and therefore Johanne Dybwad's art throughout the greater part of her life has become a struggle against triteness and the ordinary conceptions to which people have become accustomed.

JOHANNE DYBWAD was born on August 2, 1867, in Oslo, which at that time was known as Christiania. This fall she will be sixty-five years old, and at that age, according to the statutes of the National Theater, she is entitled to retire on a pension. Her statement that she would be glad to avail herself of this privilege when the time came will scarcely be credited by those of us who saw Johanne Dybwad last winter in the rôle of Clara Sang in Björnson's *Beyond Human Power*, in which she created the same complete illusion as thirty-two years earlier when playing it for the first time. One can not very well



JOHANNE DYBWAD

imagine the series of gala performances planned by the National Theater for the Björnson centennial next December without Johanne Dybwad—she is indispensable.

As both her parents were actors, Johanne Dybwad may be said to have come honestly by her love for the stage. According to contemporaries, her father, Mathias Juell, was not lacking in temperament and is said to have excelled in character parts. Of sensitive and retiring nature, embittered by early disappointments, he failed, as time went on, to make his mark on the stage. Her mother, for whom she was named, was the highly gifted Johanne Juell, whose short but triumphant artistic career reads like a fairy tale. Her marriage with Mathias Juell was not happy and ended in a divorce. She then married a far more gifted actor, Arnoldus Reimers, but he died at the early age of thirty-four in the midst of a most promising career. When she was four, little Johanne Juell (Dybwad) was separated from her mother and grew up in Bergen, the birthplace of her par-

ents. She never had an opportunity to see her mother on the stage, for her father purposely kept her away from the theater. The aunt with whom she lived gave her a musical education. The young girl showed considerable talent and at the age of twenty had already for some time been giving piano lessons to children in Bergen.

It was purely a matter of chance that led to her taking up the stage as a career. The good citizens of Bergen decided to have a bazar for the benefit of the municipal theater, and at this affair a play was to be put on by a group of amateurs among whom was Johanne Juell. At this time Gunnar Heiberg, who ranks as Norway's greatest dramatist

after Ibsen and Björnson, was for a few years the director of the Bergen Theater. At one of the rehearsals he happened to see Johanne Juell, called off the play, and insisted that she make her début on the boards of the municipal theater itself. It had always been Johanne Juell's secret ambition to become an actress, and in the long run her father's efforts to keep her away from the stage and its dangers would doubtless have proved unavailing. The young girl was so self-assured, so entirely free from nervousness, that on the very evening of her début she arrived at the theater to dress at the last possible moment. The fact was that she had stopped on the way to give one

of her pupils his regular lesson! This beginning was extremely characteristic, for Fru Dybwad has always shown a strong sense of duty in regard to her work.

Gertrude or the Little Treasure, an unimportant English comedy by L. Harris, was the play in which she made her début on November 7, 1887. She scored a great success by the sureness and naturalness of her acting. All could see that she was a born actress. Johanne Juell was allowed to choose her next rôle, and ambitiously chose to play Nora in Ibsen's *A Doll's House*. This was only five years after the death of her greatly admired mother, and it was her favorite rôle that the daughter had selected. But Johanne Juell was not yet ready for so heavy a part. While certain fea-



A YOUTHFUL PORTRAIT OF
JOHANNE DYBWAD

tures of her presentation were good, the interpretation as a whole lacked smoothness and unity. A little later she scored her first real artistic triumph as Fanchon in Birch Pfeiffer's play *The Little Witch*. We have Gunnar Heiberg's description of that remarkable evening: "This time there was no faltering. She gave us the gypsy maid with April moods, savage and tender, sensitive in every nerve, full of luminous wisdom—all was blended and seemed to come from an inexhaustible wellspring. The form was clear cut, well defined. At the scene where she dances in the moonlight, hundreds of spectators leaned forward breathless with anticipation. A great actress was born at that

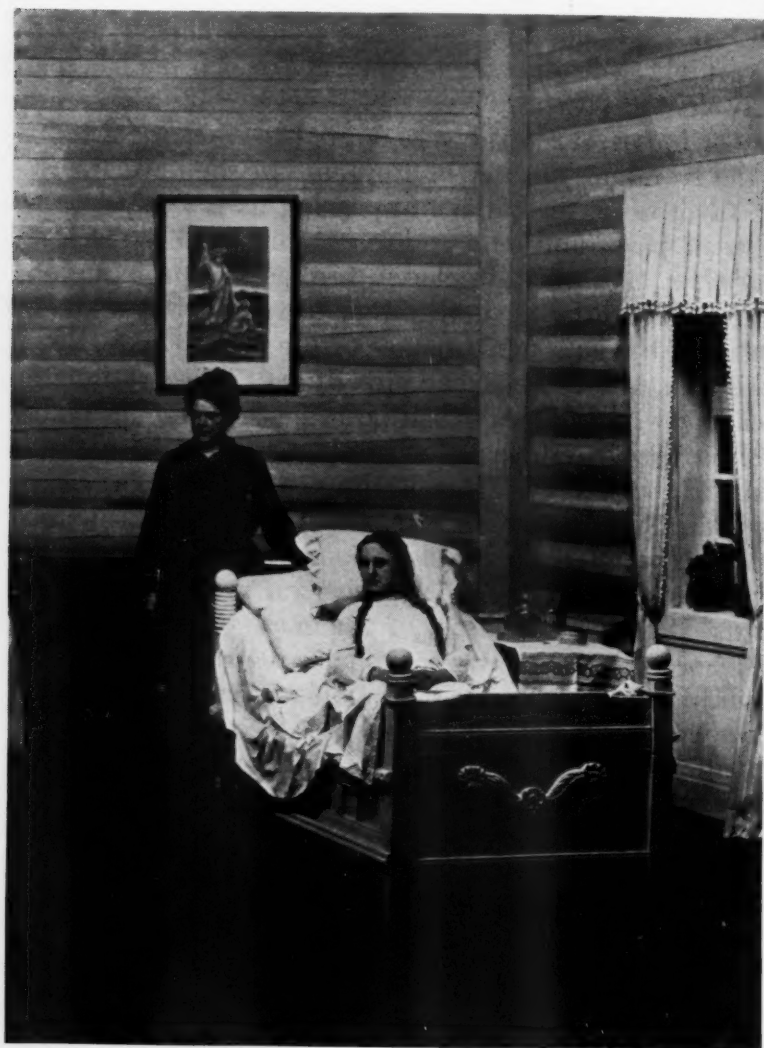
moment. In the dance that night she whirled herself and her name into the art whose devotee she became, and which she has served more faithfully than anyone else."

No other important parts were offered to Johanne Juell while she was at the National Theater of Bergen, but she nevertheless became a great favorite of the public, appearing as a lively young girl in a number of plays and as a roguish Cupid in Offenbach's *Orpheus and Eurydice*. She was also chosen to read the prologue at the performance given on the Seventeenth of May, Norway's Independence Day, which is the gala performance of the year.

At this time, however, she had already sent in her resignation. Gunnar Heiberg, who as director had been the determining factor in getting her on the stage, was now in open conflict with the board of governors of the theater. These leading citizens of Bergen considered him too radical in his art. The same day that he and his wife resigned, Johanne Juell tendered her resignation. From her very beginning on the stage she had openly aligned herself with Norway's greatest dramatists, Ibsen and Heiberg, of whom she was later to become the great interpreter. She knew where she belonged.

Johanne Juell began at the Christiania Theater in the fall of 1888, and since that time she has always been connected with Norway's leading national theater. Her first rôle was Fanchon in *A Little Witch*, and she captivated the public of the capital just as she had endeared herself to that of Bergen. Björn Björnson was theatrical director and final authority on matters of art. Work went on at a furious pace, and tempers were not always under control. Play followed play in rapid succession, and evening after evening the younger artists appeared as supernumeraries in addition to playing their regular parts. This was excellent training from the point of view of experience, but there was little time for polishing the presentations, and the lesser actors could not expect to get careful, individual instruction.

In Nordahl Rolfsen's sentimental fairy tale, *Svein Unafraid*, Johanne Juell endeared herself to her public in the double rôle of the princess, appearing at one moment as a sweet, blond princess, and then as a bewitched savage, a gypsy girl. This part appealed to her romantic imagination. By this time she had arrived at the point where she could interpret Ibsen. She began by playing two youthful parts, Hilda in *The Lady from the Sea* and Hedwig in *The Wild Duck*. The latter rôle was one of her great successes, in which she appeared for years; only genius can combine the naïveté of childhood with a fanciful, sensitive, passionate nature. In 1890 she again played Nora



AS CLARA SANG IN BJÖRNSSON'S *Beyond Human Power*

in *A Doll's House*, the part which had proved too heavy for her only three years earlier in Bergen. This time she scored her most decided success. The public of Christiania had come with expectations keyed up. They all remembered how Johanne Juell Reimers had played the part, with a passion and power that had swept them along, especially in the big scene in the last act where Nora is the triumphant exponent of the cause of woman against man, her oppressor throughout the ages. Now her daughter and namesake appeared and at the age of twenty-three dared to step into her mother's shoes. Her presentation was a real triumph just because she gave a different interpretation,

IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF GUNNAR HEIBERG'S *Aunt Ulrikke*

one based upon her own conception of the part. Her chief concern was not to portray a poor, abused creature fighting for her rights, but rather to show how Nora developed and became a valuable, independent human being by setting herself free, by making her own decisions, and accepting responsibility. She herself had just passed through such an experience. After this performance the public no longer thought of her as the daughter of Johanne Juell; she had become the young Johanne Juell.

The following year she married a young lawyer, Vilhelm Dyb-

wad, himself a wit and a lover of the arts, who remained for years an understanding admirer of her acting. After her divorce twenty-five years later she continued to bear his name.

The history of the theater in Oslo in the 'nineties is largely that of Johanne Dybwad. At its very outset this period was characterized by a triumphant, rather overbearing attitude on the part of the radical, art-loving younger generation celebrating its victory. For the preceding 'eighties had been a period of bitter unyielding struggle between the old and the new in art and in literature as well as in politics. The political conservatives were compelled to yield, and the victorious Party of the Left introduced a more democratic form of government, while at the same time, being strongly nationalistic, it set about paving the way for the release of Norway from its union with Sweden. By this time the younger writers, who championed the cause of realism and demanded religious and moral freedom, had to some extent conquered the inertia of the public and overcome some of its prejudices. The gifted young painters were standing for the same freedom and verity in art.

In the midst of this ebullient life stood our young inspired actress, glowing with enthusiasm for the ideas of the day. In her best rôles she symbolized and gave visible expression to the triumphant *joie de vivre* of the younger generation. One of them, Sigurd Bødtker, a sensitive and enthusiastic dramatic critic of that day, has later written about Johanne Dybwad's interpretation of Hilda in *The Master Builder*, when she first appeared in this part in 1893.

"Can anyone explain what the young people of that time felt when Hilda knocked at the door and entered? Even the old sorcerer himself declared that he was vanquished, a new generation was taking possession of his room, and all that was left for him to do was to die an honorable death. When Fru Dybwad stepped in with a confident smile on her lips, which others were expected to understand, with the assurance of one who has never been crossed, her eyes gleaming with determination to get what she wanted of life, the younger generation was filled with the pleasing certainty that now they were really to have their innings."

But those who valued the standards of the past found a number of vulnerable points in the armor of this genius storming the capital. One often notes in the critics of Oslo and the temperament of its public, in addition to such qualities as reflection and clarity, a certain tendency towards pettiness, and this came out in the criticisms of the young actress. Johanne Dybwad was taken to task for her diction; her voice was said to be too harsh in dramatic scenes and too sweet in the lyric

passages. With her great power it is easily understood that she might be tempted to exaggerate. However, during all these years she worked with untiring energy to improve herself, to make her voice flexible and responsive, to acquire pliancy in her art. She also read a great deal and made a point of studying the theater in other countries whenever she went abroad. Possibly Sarah Bernhardt was the one who influenced her most deeply.

It was an unkind fate that so seldom provided Johanne Dybwad with the guidance of an outstanding theatrical director, a man in whose judgment she could have entire confidence, during all these years. She became her own judge, but no one, however great, can really hear or see herself and form a correct estimate of the impression she is making. Fru Dybwad's acting has always been marred by a few slight peculiarities which the expert guidance of a really first-class director would have enabled her to overcome.

During this time at the Christiania Theater Fru Dybwad played a number of Ibsen rôles. In addition to those already mentioned, she played Fru Elvsted in *Hedda Gabler*, Selma in *The League of Youth*, Asta in *Little Eyolf* and Frida in *John Gabriel Borkman*. Other parts include Helga in Björnson's *Geography and Love*, Teresita in Hamsun's *The Game of Life*, Ella in Heiberg's *The Council of the People*, Kristine in Drachmann's *The Dance at Koldinghus*, and Shakespeare's Juliet. On a tour she also played Julie in Gunnar Heiberg's *The Balcony*, a glorification of the sovereign rights of love which was at that time considered so immoral that the performance of the play was forbidden by a zealous chief of police in Tönsberg.

The fall of 1899 brought the opening of the new leading stage of Norway, the National Theater, with which Johanne Dybwad was connected from the very beginning. Shortly after this opening she played Clara Sang in *Beyond Human Power* under the inspiring direction of Bjørnstjerne Björnson himself. Although she was still too young for the part, her interpretation of the oversensitive, highly cultivated, experienced woman was done with much feeling and produced complete illusion. At that time Johanne Dybwad had already created a long series of great lovers, women whose passion proclaimed the holy rights of love and the senses. In the frail body of Clara Sang, a woman who was all but paralyzed, love seemed to emanate like a great spiritual force from a pale trembling face in which a pair of dark eyes were startlingly alive. Furthermore, it was this earthly but spiritually refined love for her husband, and not a miracle inspired by religious faith, that gave the invalid strength to rise and walk for his sake—until the exertion proved too much for her, and radiating

ecstatic tenderness, she sank dying, but supremely happy, in his arms.

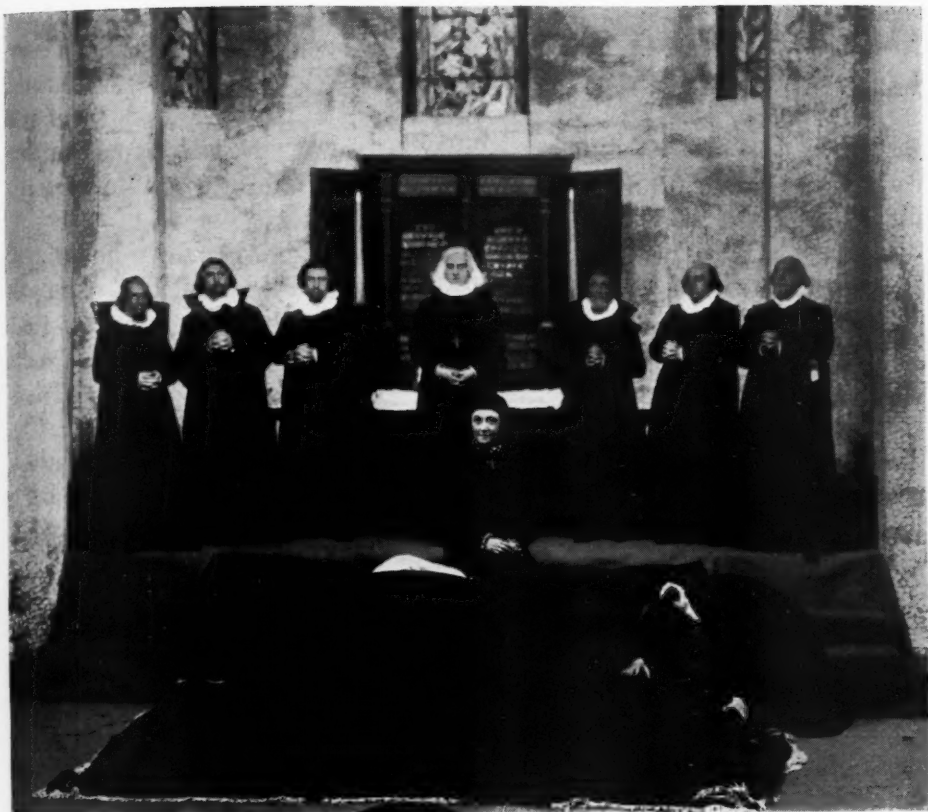
The fact that she could portray a character so far removed from her own healthy, buoyant nature showed how completely Johanne Dybwad was now able to enter into the souls of others. A few years later she played the title rôle in *Aunt Ulrikke*, a comedy by Gunnar Heiberg, and again the illusion left nothing to be desired. This old lady, mannish and uncouth, had aroused the disgust of her nice, refined family by her enthusiasm for women's rights and radicalism. Johanne Dybwad's witty and spirited interpretation not only brought out the comic side in her lack of feminine grace but contrived to color the whole with a touch of idealistic enthusiasm and nobility which raised Aunt Ulrikke to a level high above the ordinary persons who surrounded her. She arrived at the creation of this character by a combination of vision and imagination with intense realistic studies made from a living model.

Immediately after this Johanne Dybwad appeared in one of Björnson's noblest and most beautiful women characters, Tora Parsberg, the distinguished woman of the world, a character which in spite of its refinement reveals most daringly and passionately the love of a normal young woman.

Imaginative, fantastic character portrayal also proved to be within the scope of Fru Dybwad's powers, in fact, she excelled in this field. Her Puck in Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was a graceful baroque play of beauty and radiant humor, and as Gerd in Ibsen's *Brand* she combined the young girl and the savage, passionate forces of nature in an interpretation never equaled and never to be forgotten.

It is this peculiar combination of earthbound realism and personified spirituality that distinguished Johanne Dybwad from all other Norwegian actors of her day. As Karen in Gunnar Heiberg's *The Tragedy of Love* she portrayed with the most realistic accuracy a very earthly passionate, loving woman, and then in the last scene, without the slightest break in the continuity, her portrayal becomes that of a woman filled with boundless devotion producing a symbolical effect far removed from the sensual. She fully entered into the depth of Rebecca West's tragedy in *Rosmersholm*, and shortly afterwards played Shakespeare's Portia in *The Merchant of Venice* with careless, boisterous boyish humor. Her understanding had by this time become so great that it embraced all that was human.

Johanne Dybwad had now reached the age of forty and was at the height of her career both as regards artistic interpretation and technical mastery. As a guest at the theaters of Stockholm and Copenhagen she gained fresh laurels. In comedy she usually revealed

AS ANNE PEDERSDOTTER IN WIERS-JENSEN'S PLAY *The Witch*

a bold and sparkling sense of humor. Interspersed between the big classic rôles in which she appeared, she was constantly creating new characters that were inimitable. As the young witch, Anne Pedersdotter in Wiers-Jensen's drama, *The Witch*, she played the young woman who loves her stepson and draws him with a sensual power so alluring that in their shuddering rapture they both consider themselves to have been bewitched—and, in contrast, as Shakespeare's Rosalind in *As You Like It* in 1912, on her twenty-fifth anniversary as an actress, her dance of rapture at the end expressed a world of womanly tenderness and love.

In 1906 Johanne Dybwad began her career as dramatic director, and since that time a long series of plays have been staged by her at the National Theater. These presentations have been marked by her strong personality and sureness of touch in attaining dramatic effects. Both in regard to her own acting and as director Fru Dybwad has

been in close touch with the European theater, and new impulses have through her been communicated to the Norwegian stage. Not content with a one-sided realism, she attempted to conventionalize and simplify along artistic lines. In thus complying with the spirit of the times, she was really following her own inclination, for hers is a nature remaining very close to reality, while at the same time filled with imagination.

As regards her own acting and her manner of directing her plays, Johanne Dybwad has of late been reproached for having left the path of realism and for having attempted a form of simplification that appeared artificial and theatrical. As a matter of fact this double conception has always existed in Johanne Dybwad's personality and has been responsible for her greatest attainments on the stage. Here, too, she was following a tendency in Norwegian art. Ibsen was not only a realist, but also an imaginative interpreter of life. Gunnar Heiberg attempted a similar simplification, and Edvard Munch did the same in painting. On the stage Fru Dybwad had always tried to combat the trite everyday "shoemaker realism"; she cultivated passion and fancy, but always on a basis of reality. If in some cases Fru Dybwad has been guilty of exaggeration, it is due to the fact that she had no equal in her profession who as director might have set her aright. Her work has been of inestimable importance to the Norwegian stage. Her aims have always been of the highest, and she has always required the utmost both of herself and of others. The fact that she has inspired the Norwegian public with real respect and enthusiasm for art is in itself of immeasurable cultural value. Up to the very last years Johanne Dybwad has been in touch with the spirit of the times in the theater and has staged the most modern plays. For many years her fine appreciation of poetry led her to give delightful readings of the best and latest Norwegian lyrics.

Johanne Dybwad's acting is still alive with human restlessness and passion. Not long ago she staged Euripides' *Medea*, and her interpretation was characterized by bold violence and high tragedy but not by classic restraint. She has played Fru Alving in Ibsen's gripping modern tragedy *Ghosts*, and in this part she emphasized the woman rather than the mother. Fru Dybwad often imbues her womanly characters with great dignity and loftiness of purpose, but the calmness and mild resignation that are generally considered the signs of advancing age have never seemed natural to her, even to this day. Power, warmth, and vitality have always been her main characteristics as a woman and as an artist. Throughout her whole life she has splendidly embodied in herself the wealth of human experience.



Photograph by Aage Marcus, 1931

JOHANNES V. JENSEN

Johannes V. Jensen

By AAGE MARCUS

JOHANNES V. JENSEN has more than any other Danish writer become the interpreter of his race and his nation. He has once for all given conscious expression to the mentality of the Nordic race, and has enabled his people to find themselves by obtaining a foothold in that Denmark which, unaffected by political changes, goes back to the dawn of time.

Johannes V. Jensen was born in 1873 in northern Jutland, at Farsø in Himmerland, whence issued some of the Northern raids on Rome two thousand years ago. His father was of old Jutland peasant stock, while his mother came from Möen and had Wendic blood in her veins, a fact which may perhaps in some degree account for Johannes V. Jensen's peculiar ability to enter with intimate understanding into the psychology of Mongols and other alien races. He himself is a pronounced Nordic type, blond, with clean-cut features and keen blue-grey eyes. His father was a veterinary surgeon, and Johannes V. Jensen grew up among the farmers' children in the little village, leading a free and unrestrained life on the wide desolate moors in one of the few regions of Denmark where there still existed large stretches of open land.

After his schooling at Viborg and subsequent matriculation, Johannes V. Jensen pursued the study of medicine at the University of Copenhagen until the middle of the 'nineties, when he broke off his studies to set out on the extensive travels which were to carry him over the greater part of the globe. His first long journey had for its goal the United States. He has since visited the States several times, crossing the continent from coast to coast, and it is no mere chance that one of his chief poems, which indicates a turning-point in his life, was written at Memphis, Tennessee. He has also traveled in China and Japan, Farther India and Java, Egypt and Palestine, making long stays in those countries. He has crossed Asia as he has crossed America, and has sailed on most of the oceans of the world. But, though he has been continually abroad, he has always had a home in Copenhagen, besides a house in Sjælland, at Tibirke, near the sea, the moors, and the woods, a spot which in a rare degree combines the best elements of the Danish landscape.

Johannes V. Jensen's mode of living is entirely devoid of sensational extravagances: not a single "interesting" anecdote has ever been heard about him. On the contrary, his life is the conventional life of the ordinary citizen of no concern to the public. His wife is a Danish woman, and he has three sons, the two elder of whom are physicians.

Besides writing, he cultivates a variety of accomplishments. He has, in the course of years, done excellent sculptural work, while he also works as a smith, as a mason, or in wood. Indeed, his range is so wide that on the one hand he has made beautiful violins, and on the other hand he has, with the help of his sons, built a large timbered house of a construction designed by himself. It should be added that he has besides gone in for all kinds of sports, and hunted most kinds of game every part of the world.



THE OLD FARMSTEAD BELONGING TO JOHANNES V. JENSEN'S GRANDFATHER, WHERE THE AUTHOR SPENT MUCH OF HIS YOUTH

It is not only through his books that he has addressed the public, but also by numerous lectures at home and abroad, and by contributions to periodicals. Often he has taken the initiative in matters of importance. Here I need only mention his work for the National Museum; his share in the movement to provide adequate housing for University students; his successful efforts to revive the interest in and high estimation of Thorvaldsen and Oehlenschläger, the two supreme but long-neglected figures of our classic art and literature; his collaboration in the new large edition of the Icelandic sagas; and his work to win recognition for the group of artists from Fyen, both the painters and the sculptor, Kai Nielsen. Finally I must mention his repeated pleas for the safeguarding of our relics of the past, for preserving the natural beauties of Danish scenery, for motoring, for students' sports clubs, and for everything promoting open-air life.

These latter efforts remind us that it was through his agency intellectual Denmark finally turned its back on the stuffy indoor atmosphere of the French influence predominant before his appearance, and directed its eyes towards the Anglo-Saxon countries with their more virile instincts. Johannes V. Jensen was the first in the North to realize the importance of the new American literature. As early as 1907 he introduced Jack London and Frank Norris; he even translated *The Octopus* himself, and prior to this he had already translated Walt Whitman. He has since continued to promote knowledge of American intellectual life, having lately called attention to Ernest Hemingway.

In this connection I may point out that Johannes V. Jensen has shown a constant interest in the Scandinavian people in America, not only Danish-Americans, but also Norwegians and Swedes. Moreover he has often traveled in Norway and Sweden, and has made weighty contributions towards the promotion of a true Scandinavianism. In his descriptions of nature he has evidenced his love for the two neighboring countries.

* * * *

All this, however, which would be more than enough to fill most people's lives, is only a background for Johannes V. Jensen's chief contribution, his authorship. And though he is only in the fifties, and still in a mill of work, he has already behind him a vast production. He began to write towards the close of the 'nineties. He broke once for all with the literary traditions of his time by his *Himmerlandshistorier* (Tales from Himmerland) and by his novel *Kongens Fald* (The Fall of the King). In the former book, which was based on impressions received in his childhood, peasants are seen and described in a setting of nature with a mastery rarely achieved before. In the latter the whole history of Denmark is gathered to a tragic focus in the fate of King Christian II, and interpreted in the light of internal events in a way so that it becomes a grand epic on youth and the passing of youth. These two books were the introduction to Johannes V. Jensen's real authorship. Since then his outlook has broadened; his ability to find the underlying unity has developed, and he has attained an unequalled power of communicating his own vision to others.

Johannes V. Jensen has written poems, novels, short stories, plays, satires, travel books, biographies, art-historical works, essays on nature, history, and philosophy, and last but not least a great number of *myths*. The myth is a literary form which he himself has evolved and developed to perfection. It is neither a prose poem nor an essay, nor yet a short story, but has something of the nature of all these. He himself has described it as follows:

"The novel is slow, more suited to the time of the mail coach than to our hurrying epoch. Besides, it keeps to the surface and does not go to the root of things; it is a mirror of society rather than of nature. Whenever you return to a novel which you have laboriously read through before, it is in order to pick out certain passages that have remained in your memory; the characters and the plot do not hold your attention more than once. Leave out the plot, concentrate on those short flashes of the essence of things that illumine man and time, and you have the myth, the name by which the present writer designates his shorter prose works. They are not short stories in the

ordinary sense of the word, nor fairy tales; they have something of the essay and something of the quality of a musical theme, an attempt to focus the essence of life in a dream."

Eksotiske Noveller (Exotic Tales) are a special form of the myths, more similar to the short story, but distinguished by a certain universal quality. Here human fates are snapshotted in the form of the myth so as to be indelibly impressed on our memory, such as A-Koy and Olivia Marianne, Little Ahasuerus of New York, and the wretched Chinamen. Each of the figures drawn in these works becomes a living reality to the reader like some intimate friend whom he knows to the core and now sees in perspective, and perhaps for that reason understands for the first time.

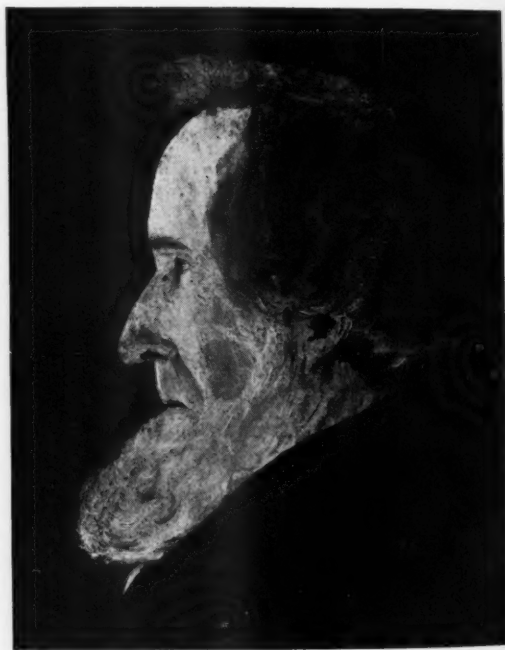
Simultaneously with the myths Johannes V. Jensen wrote purely lyrical poems, usually expressing some thought or mood the intensity of which necessitated the lyrical form. The world is reflected in his poetry; not only has the Northern landscape been as it were newly created for us in his verse, but our whole impression of life has been changed and made richer. For he sings not only of nature, but of life and death and the flight of time, with a strength and purity of feeling and a fullness and restraint of expression which are incomparable. The Book of the Seasons (*Aarstiderne*) in which each month is treated in a poem by Johannes V. Jensen, and illustrated with drawings by Johannes Larsen, is to many a young Dane what the family book of devotion was to the people of an earlier generation. Not a few of his songs have been set to music by Danish composers and are frequently sung at meetings and festivals.

It is not only in his myths and poems, however, that he spans the extremes of time and space. In *The Long Journey* as also in another book, *Aandens Stadier* (The Stages of the Mind), he has described the whole history of mankind. The latter has justly been called a mighty prose epic of the world; and as a longitudinal section is supplemented by a transverse section, so it is supplemented by the magnificent *Introduktion til vor Tidsalder* (Introduction to our Epoch). Again and again, Johannes V. Jensen has treated the doctrine of Evolution; it forms the backbone of his production, and just as Goethe anticipated Darwin on certain points, so there is now every reason to follow with the greatest interest Johannes V. Jensen's attempt to apply the theory of Evolution to all the domains of intellectual history. The wonderful book *Dyrenes Forvandling* (The Transformation of the Animals) forms in a way an introduction to *The Stages of the Mind* which deals with the transformation of man; and the author's sympathetic understanding of even the lowest animals in the

scale seems more magic than ever when we consider that this is the same man who has described highly complex modern individuals, both in his novels—as for instance *Madama D'Ora* and *Hjulet* (The Wheel) which take place in New York and Chicago—and in his penetrating portraits of great men that have attracted him, as Darwin, Björnson, Roosevelt.

I shall attempt a brief survey of the contents of what may be regarded as his chief work, *The Long Journey*. This work, which appeared in 1908-23, comprises seven volumes, *Det tabte Land* (The Lost Land), *Bræen* (The Glacier), *Norne-Gæst*, *Cimbrernes Tog* (The Raids of the Cimbri), *Skibet* (The Ship), *Christopher Columbus* and, as a kind of epilogue, a volume entitled *Æstetik og Udvikling* (Esthetics and Evolution), in which Johannes V. Jensen gives an account of his various hypotheses and sources, in other words, makes his own comments on the work.

The cycle opens in a remote primeval age when the earth was still a single steaming tropical forest. The first primitive attempts at forming a community are described, a stage so slightly removed from that of the animal that animal instincts predominate. A single man rises above the herd, a kind of primitive Prometheus, who is duly punished by being sacrificed to man's first deity, the fire, which throughout the book sheds its lurid glare from the volcano, Gunung Api. While, therefore, *Fire* has become the name of the English edition of the book, the next volume bears the English title *Ice*. Gradually, as the cooling of the earth progresses and the great ice ages set in, it is naturally the Northern regions that first become the scene of conditions rendering possible any kind of civilization. For, while life in the tropical forest is too easy, the cold becomes the factor which



JOHANNES V. JENSEN'S GRANDFATHER, THE OLD WEAVER, WHO IS THE MODEL FOR HIS NORNE-GÆST
Painted by the Author's Father

requires a strong antagonist to conquer it, and this antagonist becomes the first real human being, Dreng, the principal character in *Ice*. As the sequel to this book, whose descriptions of the Arctic and Northern landscape have never been surpassed, follows a volume called *Norne-Gæst* in which the prospect is widened to include all the ancient world. With a mythical Old Norse figure as our leader we travel down the wide rivers, the ancient ways of communication between the North and the South. But the book also gives us a beautiful picture of children of nature in innocence and love. While *Norne-Gæst* always returns from his journeys, the result of the great raids forming the subject of the fourth volume, *Cimbrernes Tog*, is more tragic. Here it is shown how the unrest and urge to travel which have always possessed the Northern peoples were nourished by the years of scarcity and distress at home, and how they set out on the ill-fated expeditions against Rome. The contrast between the Germanic and the Roman mentality is sharply emphasized, a contrast which often reappears in Johannes V. Jensen's books.

While the Cimbric went over land, the first vikings almost at the same time started on their cruises. These are described in the following volume, *Skibet*, of which, unfortunately, there exists no English edition. The theme, however, is the same: the roving spirit of the Northmen which urges the seafarers to go south. Here, in their longing for home, they first become conscious of their own nature, which is the nature of the North.

Finally, in the sixth volume entitled *Christopher Columbus*, we have come down to a time which forms the transition from the Middle Ages to the Renaissance. As we saw in the preceding volume, Northern blood had been carried southward, and in the Genoese seafarer we meet with a descendant of the Northmen. His unrest and longing to travel take him to the New World, as it has carried countless people from the North the same way in our own time. This work contains much more than the mere description of Columbus and his cruise. In the grand myth with which it opens, nature and love, longing and happiness, time that passes, and the mortality of all things, have been woven together into a texture of a poetic beauty which has hardly been equaled in literature. The essence of all religion is shown to be the eternal yearning which finds an outlet in the long cruises, and is expressed in the Gothic of the North whether manifested in cathedrals or in ships. After a brilliant description of the conquistadores and their feats, the book, and with it the whole work, concludes with a mighty vision: a meeting on the sea between Columbus's ship, the *Santa Maria*, and Darwin's *Beagle* on its circumnavigation of the



SCENE NEAR FARSÖ IN HIMMERLAND, JOHANNES V. JENSEN'S BIRTHPLACE
Painted by the Author's Brother

world. The long journey is not yet ended, will never end, as surely as we have, in the doctrine of Evolution, a key to the understanding of that long and continued ascent from the animal world through the lost land, the infancy of mankind, onward through struggle and defiance to the human apex of our own time which, again, represents only a stage in the development.

These brief lines can merely indicate the theme of *The Long Journey*. An account can give no idea of the wealth of thought and imagery, descriptions and characters of the work, and much less of the mode of writing, of Johannes V. Jensen's own distinctive and powerful style.

A keynote of Johannes V. Jensen's work is the longing for continuity which pervades all his books, and though he takes us through many epochs and continents, this does not denote that his mind is divided. It is merely the natural result of the fact that, once started

on the
to cov
shows
Holb
often
shows
cover
attain
Bu
Johan
the se
and l
work
forefr
his ta
the h
as ear
The
the ev

on the path into which his genius had led him, he has worked steadily to cover the entire field of knowledge of his time. In this respect he shows a striking similarity to the two great eminently positive writers, Holberg and Goethe. The old man from Weimar, especially, may often be met with in Johannes V. Jensen. More and more his work shows evidence of the same serenity, the same warm harmony which covered the immense inner tension in Goethe, and which had not been attained without a struggle.

But actually it is the elements themselves that speak to us from Johannes V. Jensen's work, the elements in a wider sense: the sky, the sea, Nature through the changing seasons year after year, love and longing, the old enduring things. Hence the greater part of his work is timeless, even though he is planted in our own time, in the forefront of the present day. He has remained true to his origin in his taste for the simple and the genuine. His art of life is based on the healthy and simple instincts of the old peasantry, but he is not as earthbound as they. "Better soul than sun." The whole theme of *The Long Journey* is the struggle, the striving onward step by step, the evolution which is the inmost true essence of the spirit.

Ice

By ALBERT TEODOR GELLERSTEDT

Translated from the Swedish by CHARLES WHARTON STORK

NOR cloud, nor wave
Was I today;
Frozen and hard,
Earth-bound I lay.

You came, O sun,
And set me free:
Wave I now am,
Cloud I may be.

Workingmen Who Write

By SVEN STOLPE

IN most European countries no study of what one might call the "sociology of literature" has been made. If such a study were to be undertaken, Sweden would, in all probability, make a unique showing. For Sweden possesses a body of literature of real merit—such as may not be found in most of the other countries, even in those most closely related to us culturally and geographically—produced by young persons of the laboring class. This is a cause for real satisfaction. Altogether apart from the literary value of this work, its mere existence is a heartening and impressive indication of the high mental level of the Swedish laboring class. The Swedish labor movement has always laid great stress on the value of education; an organization called the Workmen's Cultural League has made a significant educational contribution. Every lecturer or leader of a discussion group who has come into contact with the youth of this class can testify that it contains the most intellectually minded and the most eager and industrious students of the country as a whole. The writings they have produced are a natural consequence of this high standard and of their interest in intellectual pursuits.

Originally the word "proletarian writings" was used as a label in referring to the works of the laboring class. This name, however, which probably had its rise abroad, caused a great many misunderstandings, and it has therefore gradually gone out of use. The word "proletarian" gave the impression—entirely misleading—that the novel so classified was primarily an expression of class indignation, that it was polemic literature of protest against social injustice. Furthermore, the word "proletarian" gave an altogether erroneous picture of the young workingmen writers. In the first place, they were no proletarians, but workingmen who, in early life, had given up their trade to devote themselves exclusively to literature, or journalism. In the second place, their writing was supported, financially, not by the great masses, but by the same class of people who read the rest of Sweden's literature.

If, then, we decide to use instead the term "workingmen's writings" as a general classification for the body of literature we shall briefly discuss in this paper, the general group may of course be divided into several smaller groups of writers and classified according to the various stages of development. It will of course be impossible to outline in detail the whole movement; I am therefore passing by the first attempts to create a literature of the masses—chiefly social battle songs.



DAN ANDERSSON

In the first group of Swedish workingmen writers we find a truly gifted man, at one time without a doubt Sweden's most widely read and discussed writer. I refer to DAN ANDERSSON. Like so many other writers of this class, Dan Andersson, although he did not attend the people's high school of the Swedish Labor movement—Brunns-
vik,* in Dalecarlia—yet he was closely associated with it. For many years he led the carefree, roaming life of a vagabond, worked at various trades, but gradually turned to literature exclusively. When he died, it was sadly apparent to the Swedish literary public that the country had lost one of its most remarkable writers.

Dan Andersson has naturally been called a proletarian poet. The social element, however, plays a very minor rôle in his works. On the contrary, his favorite theme was at the opposite end of the scale. He wrote most earnestly and spontaneously of the open country. Dan Andersson was not the product of a large city. His father was a shoemaker, afterwards a poor teacher. He was the first to sing of the wilderness with true feeling and beauty. It would be absurd to try to deny that this form of writing has not already become antedated. Cheap volumes of charcoal-burner and vagabond romances have appeared in such number that the mere thought of them is sickening. But, in spite of the weak, melodramatic product of many of his imitators, we must not forget that Dan Andersson himself, in contrast to most of his followers, really had lived what he wrote; and his work was fresh and original. From his own wanderings, he knew the Swedish wilderness; he had at various times tried its hardy but wearing life, and had thrown his lot in with the pioneer settlers in their struggle. Influenced to some extent by the Swedish lyricists of the 'nineties, Fröding and Karlfeldt, and also by the great English poet, Kipling, Dan Andersson created an original, tuneful form of verse which has never been analyzed beyond the point of noting that its most distinguishing characteristic is its unique and unhampered rhythm. Rather than try to describe his poetry in more detail, I shall quote directly to give an example of this

* Described in an article by Ivar Vennerström in the REVIEW for April 1931.

poet's style. I have chosen the famous final stanza of his poem, "A Musician's Last Journey," where nature's mysticism forms the background for and reflects the fate of man:

Over grass and houses grey like a whisper flies the night,
pale stars twinkle feebly from their sky.
Over the heath from the west toward the tarn beams a light,
goes a song o'er lily-covered bog.
And the storm sings black and white,
and in spray round Hårna isle
sing the waves of the wilderness' need.
Over blackest waters the night tunes up for prayer,
For a singer and a dreamer is dead.*

Dan Andersson became in truth the Swedish laboring class's own writer. At thousands of their meetings, his works have been declaimed or sung, and in all their young literary groups he is the accepted master. Even if his rather far-fetched novels have received more than their due share of praise, on the ground of the excellency of his poetry, such a mark of appreciation should be accepted with rejoicing. It is natural and of good intent.

None of the other Swedish writers of this class have attained so high a standing as Dan Andersson. Of the lyricists I shall name only one—RAGNAR JÄNDEL. His lyrics, however, have the deep spiritual quality of the religious dreamer, and for this reason are not appreciated by the Swedish working class youth, most of whom have adopted radical theories and turned away from Christianity.

I shall proceed, then, to some discussion of the prose writers, who now hold a definite place in our new literature. The fact is that for a number of years the young Swedish novel has been in the hands of the workingmen writers, while generations of young academicians have instead devoted themselves to the more intellectual field of literary criticism and the essay. Such a situation could not but be detrimental. There has been a dearth of intellectual quality in the young Swedish novel. As a rule when the unschooled workingman has attempted to carry his study of a character into philosophical analysis, the result has been in the nature of a parody.

The best-grounded writer in this field was without a doubt a poor working woman, who died a few years ago, MARIA SANDEL. In my estimation, she has written, in her simple language, some of the best novels of this group of writers. Marie Sandel had an unusually clear

* A literal translation, which does not attempt to carry out his rhythm.



RAGNAR HOLMSTRÖM

style, and her hard, varied experience had given her a keen knowledge and understanding of people. The best of her novels, *The Man Who Rose Again*, is remarkable not only for its excellent style and veracious characterization; it gives a picture of life which, in freshness and in quiet humor, is not equaled in any of the other new literature. Maria Sandel was not confused by the rather primitive materialism which has followed in the wake of all modern labor movements, and which has altogether ruined the power of observation of the majority of this group. She did not allow herself to become tied by any Marxian or Freudian bonds; she made contact with living people rather than with strained, inflated

pseudo-philosophical ideas. She knew the Swedish worker as he was, and she could therefore give a much truer picture of his life than could ever come from the pen of the modern young workingmen writers. Another reason for wishing to name Maria Sandel as the most typical writer of this class is that her books—especially her last, above-mentioned—are constructive, and have a placable social spirit and deep moral content. She was a realist of the old school, and was fortunate in being able to sidestep the naturalistic technique just as firmly as she sidestepped the naturalistic outlook. She believed in life. The Swedish worker has never been more beautifully presented than in Maria Sandel's fearless portrayal of "the man who rose again" with its wise knowledge of people, its refreshing humor, and vigorous optimism.

Among the younger, contemporary Swedish workingmen writers two names stand out. RAGNAR HOLMSTRÖM has achieved really tragic greatness in his pictures of Swedish farmers. His series about Jonas Ödmark and his sons contains masterful parts; and in his story of the sea, *On Deck and in the Cabin*, his salty, terse, and manly style has won a real triumph. Considering his work purely from the viewpoint of style, without a doubt he ranks in his class of writers second only to Maria Sandel. Intellectually, however, EYVIND JOHNSON is more interesting; this fact is probably responsible at least in part for the dispute regarding his right to be included in this class of writers. Johnson

is an educated man, who, after long sojourns in different parts of Europe, especially in Paris, has developed into one of the really "modern" writers. His style is unique, and he is striving, with Joyce and the French super-realists, to create an entirely new form of literature. His *chef-d'œuvre* has not yet been created. But several of his latest novels reveal a keen understanding of people, as well as a delicate sense of the subconscious power and of the play of the true impulse and emotions under the conscious rationalizing. They are, therefore, rather strenuous but worthwhile reading.



RUDOLF VÄRNLUND

RUDOLF VÄRNLUND has not been fortunate enough to reach a large audience; the labor press has criticized his work for class reasons just as noticeably as the bourgeois press has turned it down for lack of literary quality and style. In a long list of novels this talented working-class boy has tried to depict the Swedish community life of today; but, with his slight experience, he has been able to grasp only the psychologically uninteresting types, and his novels have not, therefore, been of any lasting value. This is due largely to the fact that Värnlund uncritically confines himself to the materialistic present-day doctrine of determinism. His novels portray a number of dislocated beings who actually cannot be understood by a reader of normal instincts. His is a strangely nebulous world, without will or responsibility—a whirl of emotions and impulses, where the purely human quality is conspicuous by its absence. Värnlund has showed encouraging signs, however, of a change for the better, and judging by his latest work we may entertain serious hopes that he will yet produce novels of high quality. *The Drunken Quarter* has its intellectual faults; but it shows that Värnlund has crashed the literary gates. Possibly under the influence of the style of an older Swedish workingman writer, GUSTAV HEDENVIND-ERIKSSON, Värnlund has in this novel achieved an entirely new, a trifle affected but nevertheless artistic, prose form. Värnlund's first great drama, *The Holy Family*, which has been successfully played, also deserves mention. It is a comprehensive presentation of life, picturing the lot of a workman's family affected by a strike. Even in this work there are hysterical and disjointed parts, but the presentation has power and

pathos, and the setting shows insight and realistic truth. It is especially encouraging to note that Värnlund shows in this—his latest—work a more mature grasp of life than ever before. He finds, conservatively enough, in family unity the proper background for each individual's peace and good fortune; he gives in his picture of the strike an outlet to social indignation which is related to the Swedish labor movement's own strong sense of responsibility and duty.

Finally, a few words must be said about the youngest group of Swedish workingmen writers, who, with noise and bluster, blew into the literary debate under their much heralded *nom de guerre* "The Five Young Ones." It is true that among these very young writers are several who are poorly equipped. But some of the members of the group have demonstrated an artistic power of presentation which puts them in the first rank of lyricists.

In the leader of the group, ARTUR LUNDKVIST, we have one of the most significant writers our language can boast at present. In free, modernistic verse he has sung of the black and dreary city and of the rich, untouched countryside. His experience is varied, his inspiration vast, and his form of presentation original and forceful. The most remarkable thing is that this unique writer, who came into the modern Swedish poetry—still somewhat Alexandrine—direct from the steaming earth, is at the same time a theorist of the modern school, well versed in the latest news and ideas from Paris and America. His little book, *Worldly Prose*, which some persons maliciously claim is plagiarized from Pär Lagerkvist's prose sketches, though it far excels them, is one of the most delightful and most mature works of art in our whole new literature. Here is spontaneous inspiration and an altogether unhampered capacity to depict living people and landscapes, always with perfect command of language. Artur Lundkvist's first book, *Live Coals*, was not in itself convincing; but his later contributions and those of the rest of the group have proved of epoch-making significance.

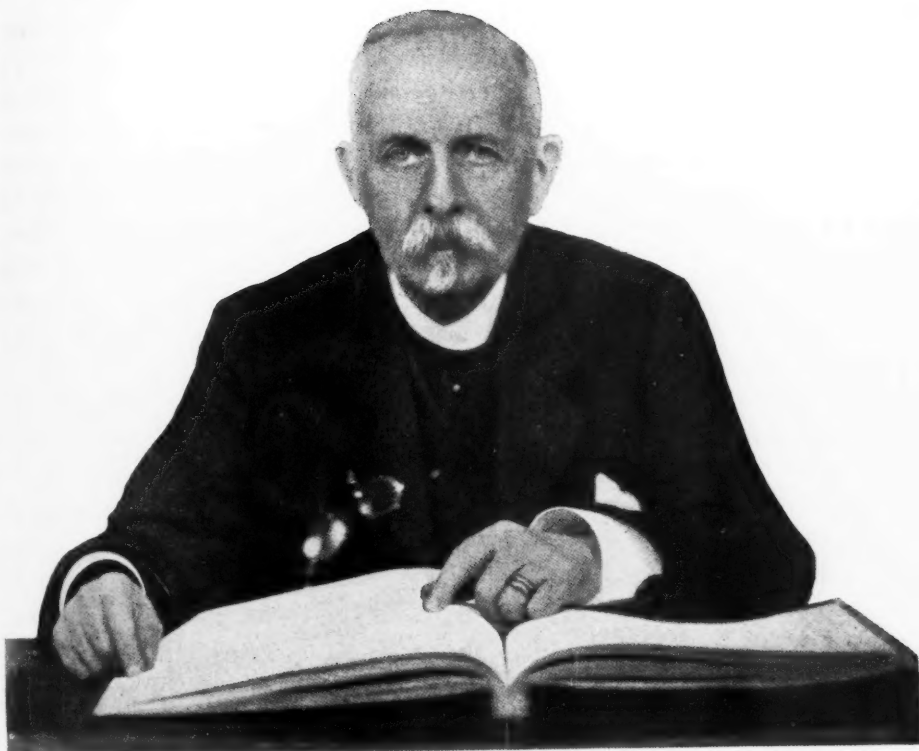
Only one name from the Lundkvist group will be mentioned here—HARRY MARTINSSON—who strikes me as being superior to Lundkvist himself. As yet only occasional glimpses of his work have reached the public eye. But when Martinsson one bright day brings out his mature, final work, his position as the most gifted present-day lyricist in Sweden will be altogether uncontested. As a sailor Martinsson has visited all the far corners of the globe. Affected by tuberculosis, he has been forced to rest. And his lively imagination, possibly heightened by the fever of physical illness, has created a magnificent landscape, compared with which the settings of the academic writers are but plots

of grass and flower beds. Martinsson himself writes in a sort of ecstasy, and it is altogether a mistake to consider his poetry studied or affected. Out of his undisciplined subconscious mind pours forth a mighty avalanche of images and pictures, and with his keen powers of association his thoughts rush on at such lightning pace that a reader unaccustomed to his style often cannot follow him. But when one has finally become accustomed to this literary technique—fresh, impressionistic, free in figures and symbols—one will have no patience with the highly polished, restrained lines with conventional rhyming schemes. A single quotation will give an example of Martinsson's art, and I have chosen purposely a simple bagatelle. It is entitled, "Letter to a Stripling":

"And you, young huntsman, whose age is eighteen years,
and whose muscles are taut ropes vibrant in high song.
Your hard glance steals before you
to the woodcock's spot in the grass.
Gun to your shoulder: your shot hits a parcel of fleeing agony.

Your shot echoes through the valley,
you wander home in the dew
pleased with your game and with the lucky killing.

But the years pass and you have a new moral,
you change and you disdain smaller beasts than the elk.
Then of an evening you think, as the elk lies flayed
while the meat pots are boiling:
What a tiny bit of meat the bird of beauty once gave me!"



W. C. Brögger

An Octogenarian Scientist

By OLAF HOLTEDAHL

ONE of Norway's most distinguished citizens, Waldemar Christopher Brögger, professor emeritus at the University of Oslo, attained the venerable age of eighty years on November 10, 1931. At the time of his birthday he was not in quite so good health as usual, and was therefore not able to receive personally all those who wished to do him honor; but flowers, letters, and telegrams by the hundreds poured into his home and brought greetings from every part of the world, expressing admiration, gratitude, and friendship for the grand old man of Norwegian science.

As a research worker Brögger had already attracted the attention of authorities in his field when he was quite young, and by sustained

effort he has enhanced that reputation even down to the present time. He is a geologist, but while most men have to content themselves with one or two disciplines in this science, he has distinguished himself in mineralogy, petrology, physical geology, paleontology, and other branches. All his investigations have been conducted within a limited geographical area, namely, the region around Oslo, from Lake Mjøsa in the north to Langesund-Skien in the south. As it happens, this locality offers such a wealth of geological phenomena that one must search the world over to find its equal, and through the labors of Brögger it has become known and has been in a sense classic soil to geologists who have come here from all over the world to study.

Brögger's international position in science is indicated by the fact that he has been elected a member of some thirty learned societies and academies abroad, among them the American National Academy, the British Royal Society, and the French Academy. He has received honorary degrees from a number of famous universities.

In 1881, at the age of thirty, Brögger was called as professor to Stockholms Höghskola. When he returned to Oslo to accept a chair as professor of mineralogy and geology, he came filled with the resolve that he would labor to improve the working conditions of scientists at the University and in the country as a whole. His outstanding abilities soon became apparent, and when the office of Rector was established, it was a foregone conclusion that he should be the first to fill the position. It would be impossible to overestimate the importance to Norwegian science of what Brögger has accomplished by his tireless and determined efforts to secure an economic basis for scientific work. He has created endowments in part by soliciting funds from private individuals, in part by securing subsidies from the State. Even to this day a large part of the expense of scientific research in Norway is defrayed by the Fridtjof Nansen Fund for the Advancement of Science, which Brögger was instrumental in establishing soon after Nansen had returned in 1896 from his *Fram* Expedition and which he has been constantly augmenting.

It would carry us too far even to mention all the things that Brögger has done for Norwegian science and the Norwegian University, but even the briefest survey of his career must make evident that we are here in the presence of a life work which, in its fusion of intellectual force, indomitable energy, and high idealistic purpose, has attained genuine grandeur. W. C. Brögger is one of the first of the men in modern times who have made our country greater. His work will shine like a beacon down through the centuries.

The Old Royal Theater and the New Starling Box

By JULIUS CLAUSEN

THE Danish "double stage," which became a reality on August 28, 1931, had suffered severe birth-pangs for about a score years before it was at length delivered. And the ultimate delivery was brought about artificially by the agency of one of the new world potentates, the State Radio, which undertook to share a building with the new stage and accommodate it with a practical and not too large theater for a yearly rental of 100,000 kroner.

The many readers of the *AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW* are already informed about this building from the article in the January number, explaining how the fine old Royal Theater had received a new annex so that now, with two stages and two auditoriums, it was possible to give two performances at

once—a matter of importance, as the Royal Theater has to take care of opera, ballet, and speaking drama. There are, however, circumstances which readers at a distance cannot know which we, who are on the spot and in closer touch with events, know all too well. The 1931-32 season has still at this writing a couple of months to run—the larger theaters of Copenhagen close during the three summer months—but nevertheless it may be said that the new stage has been a very great disappointment to the public, the actors, and the management.

The citizens of Copenhagen frankly dislike "the starling box" as popular witticism, often as apt as it is biting, has dubbed the new annex. It was built, it may be mentioned, in direct defiance of their will. Four years ago, when a Min-



THE STREETS ADJOINING KONGENS NYTORV PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR; IN THE MIDDLE THE OLD ROYAL THEATER, TO THE LEFT THE TOWERING STRUCTURE CONTAINING THE NEW STAGE, AND THE LOWER AUDITORIUM

ister, since deceased, pushed the measure through by an encroachment, thousands of citizens joined one Sunday in a demonstration of protest before the Rigsdag. They loved their city. They did not wish to see its most beautiful square, Kongens Nytorv, disfigured by having a building resembling a warehouse erected over Tordenskjold Street in such close proximity to the Royal Theater as to spoil its distinguished profile. The prayers of these idealists were not hearkened to, however. Indeed there were murmurs of shady machinations and intrigues which smacked of something far removed from idealism.

However that may be, the annex was built. Popular ill will rose with every story,—and the citizens have now avenged themselves by staying away. The individual citizen is perhaps not conscious of this ill will, but it is in his blood, so to speak, and has in any case created an atmosphere of emptiness and indifference about the new stage. Perhaps this failing interest might have been stimulated by a strong artistic contribution, but none such has been offered. The consequence is that up to date the attendance has been disappointing and the auditorium has on many evenings almost yawned with emptiness. The story goes that one

December evening when Goethe's *Iphigenia* was on the bill only seven seats were sold.

All the defects of the theater, external and internal, have grown in imagination. Still, it does not require much imagination to find the stairways connecting the galleries cramped and rather dismal, the ceilings of the corridors low and the deco-

ration commonplace, and the ventilation highly problematical. Nor has the auditorium itself, in spite of its warm color effects, found favor in the eyes of the majority. For a long time complaints were made, and justly, that the feathers in the backs of the chairs stuck to people's clothes. These chairs have been removed and with them a number of seats where the aisle was too narrow. The result is that the balance as originally projected is precluded. The

architect, Holger Jacobsen, has, with his mistaken ideas of how an ideal modern theater should be built, been an expensive man to the State.

When the new stage was about to be opened, the present director of the double stage said to the writer of these lines: "I am a bit worried about our old stage. I wonder how it will get along now?" The answer was: "Don't you think perhaps you should be worrying about the



Photograph by Mydtskov

JOHANNES POULSEN AS HENRY VIII
IN KAJ MUNK'S *Cant*

new stage?" "Not in the least, it will have no trouble. The curiosity of the public alone is enough to fill the house for the first three months!" The chief was bitterly mistaken in his reckoning. Curiosity confined itself to the opening evening. Already by the second evening the theater was empty. The public had deserted the double stage.

The disappointment to the actors has been almost equally great. For in the first place it is not very encouraging to act to empty benches, and in the second place, the personnel of the company was not large enough to act well on two stages. The result has been, taking it all in all, mediocre offerings on both. One of the most important problems for the manager of a theater is to keep the actors in good humor. And this prob-

lem is not altogether easy of solution with these always impulsive and temperamental artistic folk when they cannot feel at home to some degree at their place of work. But the new stage has no dressing rooms for them; they have to go all the way over to the old house during the *entr'actes*. Nor is there any foyer which can be placed at their disposal at present.

They have one advantage, however: it is easier to speak in the new house. The

sound carries. The space is not so vast as in the old building, and there is no orchestra pit, yards wide, over which the voice must leap. On the other hand, the resonance is almost too strong in the new house. As soon as the actor moves towards the background of the stage, the sound strikes the encircling solid horizon and is thrown back as an echo. For

this reason, music also sounds exceptionally harsh in this auditorium. A performance of Mozart's *Figaro* was attempted, but the result was so crude that it did not invite repetition.

In order for the new stage to be able to overcome all this outside resistance and latent ill will, something unusual, something epoch-making, something with some punch to it would have had to take place on its boards. But such has by no

means been the case. A couple of unimportant new Danish plays, a couple of quite equally insignificant and insipid English comedies—one of them *Sex Appeal*—a lugubrious Polish play acted entirely by women, a revival of Mirabeau's *Les affaires sont les affaires*, and a few presentations of the classics have been practically the whole repertory. There has been neither system nor sensation in this choice which might perhaps have an-



Photograph by Mydtskov

A Midsummer Night's Dream WITH
GERDA MADSEN AS PUCK

swered quite nicely some twenty or thirty years ago. But times have changed. This age demands somewhat more glaring effects, and it refuses to be turned backwards. The film and the radio have a death grip on the traditional theater.

The idea was that it should be possible to transfer a presentation which showed special vitality to the new stage from the old. But this idea, too, has proved to be only partially capable of realization. The theory of a real double stage broke down again here. The measurements for the operation of the revolving stage were inaccurately made, and thus a spoke was put in the wheels of the joint management idea. For without a common management carried out to the minutest detail it is, of course, more expensive to keep two theaters alive than one. It may really be said that both the economic and the artistic requirements for a double stage have thus far been

lacking. Although it may perhaps have been an accident that the architect forgot to build a box office in the new building, it seemed almost like an inspiration. Otherwise one would have thought that a box office was one of the first requisites for the theatrical business.

Fortunately the management has had something to fall back upon in the old house, the Royal Theater, as the State subsidized stage is still called. Things were rather difficult here, too, in the beginning, but they improved. In any case, the past season can point to two decided successes. The first was a play about Henry VIII and dealt with the English monarch's spiritual humbug and consistent hypocrisy—hence the title *Cant*—both in love and religion. The author, passionate by temperament and pastor in a provincial town by profession, is Kaj Munk. A few years ago some fragments of a play by him, ostensibly treating of



Photograph by Mydtkov

SCENE FROM *A Midsummer Night's Dream* AS PRESENTED BY THE
ROYAL THEATER IN COPENHAGEN

Herod but actually of everything else in the world, were presented under the title *An Idealist*. This entertainment was as scintillating as it was formless, but the disconnected scenes could not hold the public. This time the reverend gentleman has been more successful. For a few weeks he was the theatrical hero of Denmark, although his new work was far less original than the first and showed the author as a somewhat too docile disciple of Shakespeare and Schiller.

The second success of the theater was due to the great Briton, with a revival of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, in conjunction, of course, with Mendelssohn's immortal music, color effects of great beauty, and the latest stage tricks. Here was a forest which ceaselessly wandered in the moonlight and showed on its revolving platform the most illusory perspectives. And here were elves on the earth and elves in the air, and charmingly did they tread the dance, clad in the lightest of silver tissue—so light that one of these garments could certainly be sent through the mails for ordinary letter rates. They could scarcely have weighed more than a fair-sized letter. It was a real dream play from which the great actor-manager, Johannes Poulsen, and his co-workers reaped much honor. Johannes Poulsen himself played Bottom, his Uncle Olaf Poulsen's favorite part. Titania was played by his young and beautiful wife, Ulla Poulsen, the première danseuse of the Royal Ballet. But unfortunately the play could not be moved over to the neighboring house.

Though a young and new institution, the double stage has, nevertheless, not lacked for those palace revolutions which so often occur in the world of the theater. Its first manager was Adam Poulsen, appointed by the Minister of Education, Mr. F. Borgbjerg, to whose department the control of the State theater belongs. Adam Poulsen is a man with a generation of theater blood in his veins, and having been an actor for many

years, is also a man of experience. Here, in fine, was a man who tried to combine the practical with the ideal interests, and who demanded from the personnel a working tempo and an artistic discipline which was not looked upon with favor by those who desired that everything should go along in the old, blundering, jog trot fashion. He was therefore undermined on many points, and the worst thing was that the Minister who had recently appointed Poulsen and given him a free hand went back on him on a paltry trades union question: A chorus singer of no talent was about to be discharged, and the technical staff threatened to give notice because the lady was the leader of the local union. Adam Poulsen, who is of a frank nature, then answered that he could easily secure the necessary help by taking on young engineers who were out of employment. This was too much for the Social-Democratic Minister to swallow.

Now came illness as well. On New Year's Day, Adam's brother, Johannes, carried the theater cat in to him saying: "Here, I bring you luck!" But the cat misunderstood the situation and bit the manager. It developed into a very serious case of infection, a fight between life and death, and a sick-bed for a quarter of a year. When he recovered, Adam Poulsen learned that the Minister had betrayed him and appointed as Poulsen's successor in the managerial chair one of his own office staff, who had been engaged in the affairs of the theater in an administrative capacity for several years, and who had drafted the law about the double stage. Mr. Andreas Möller is the name of the present chief.

Adam Poulsen did not have a proper chance to show whether he could realize successfully the idea of the double stage, partly because the architect did not deliver his work according to the original stipulations of the law and partly because he was himself so sorely stricken. Without disparagement to his other qualities,

Mr. Möller is a blank page without apparently any personal relation or initiative regarding music or the drama. He relies upon his staff. But his personal contribution seems to have taken the form of a downright brutal dismissal of all his predecessor's appointees.

If the old Royal Theater succeeded only moderately—with the costly personnel of about four hundred and fifty a deficit is always inevitable—the new stage has up to date managed miserably. There has been a heavy drain upon the

resources granted by the State. When the day of reckoning comes, it will be shown whether the Danish Rigsdag will grant the double stage a moratorium for further activities, or whether it will demand that the institution of the double stage be done away with and the new stage turned over to the use of the State Radio in whose building it is lodged and which has more ample means at its disposal than the Theater.

In the general opinion the Danish double stage has not been a success.

The Conscience of the Sea

By KRISTMANN GUDMUNDSSON

Translated from the Norwegian by RICHARD BECK

OLD Skipper Hordur was gloomy and silent on the way towards land. Although the sea was as smooth as a mirror, he stood at the helm of the fishing-boat himself.

The sun was shining, and the weather was warm. Most of the crew were sleeping in the forecastle. Only a few were sitting on the hatch, smoking. All were tired and lazy after the storm and the toil. Probably there would not be long rest for them either, now during the busiest herring season, if they knew old Hordur right!

The two men on the hatch chatted softly while they stole a glance toward the man at the wheel. It was strange indeed how sullen the old man was today, when all had gone so well. He did not seem to look forward to reaching land with a full boat, and without having lost so much as

one foot of his net in that driving squall they got into yesterday evening. Surely, not everyone had escaped so luckily from that episode.

But it was wisest not to ask any questions when old Hordur was in this mood. He was subject to such fits, the cross-patch. And besides one can forgive an old weatherbeaten seaman much—when he has fisherman's luck and is reasonable towards his crew. A seaman like Hordur was not to be found everywhere, and one would have to seek far for the equal of his luck in fishing.

Skipper Hordur stared intently towards land. In there, between the two purple hills to the south, lay Knaravik, his home.

If only no misfortune had occurred there at home! He had not had a moment's peace since they escaped so for-

fortunately from the storm yesterday. Just think that not even a hawser or a piece of net had been lost! Such a thing was truly aggravating. He had in fact delayed hauling in the net in order to give the sea plenty of time. If the net had only been ripped so that they had lost a little of all the herring, then he could have been at ease now. But no! The net and the herring were safe on board, and the boat was so heavily loaded that it moved with difficulty through the water.

Continued good luck all summer long! Bless me, if that did not make one uneasy. And not a single accident all last summer either!

Old Hordur snatched his snuff-box and took a generous pinch. He became more and more ominously gloomy. What was the matter now with the motor? Could not that rascal of a boy get it to work properly? The boat hardly moved from the spot!

"Gvendur!"

"Yes, what is it, skipper?"

"Can't you oil the motor properly, boy!"

"Ye—es. I have oiled it all right," came sleepily from the engine-room.

Hordur cleared his throat sharply and spat.

The sea lay clear and calm to the east and the west and the north, lay as if in wait for something, so it seemed to old Hordur. He looked at it with angry eyes and cursed a little. It was never to be trusted, and least of all when it lay so smooth and calm.

No, one could never feel safe with the sea. From him whom it gave most it also took most. True enough, there was a kind of justice in all that it did, nevertheless. Had the net only been torn yesterday! It would have been a loss of several hundred kroner, and one could have got by with that for no end of time. Regardless of how many faults one could find with the sea, it did have a conscience. He had experienced that many a time.

One had to admit that it repaid what it took—in its own way.

For instance, when during a stormy night his best motor-boat was torn from its moorings and smashed on the Knararvik beach; the following spring he had to go into big debt to buy a new one. But then there came three exceptionally good years in succession so that he could pay for the boat and more.

Yes, the sea did have a conscience. It gave one much, and was often generous; and then there was really a certain fairness in its demanding some offerings in return for what it gave.

He always made good catches after an accident. But he had never seen so much herring and fish in the sea as the year after his son was drowned.

Ah, yes, it was sad to recall. He was only fourteen, the youngster, and all his heart was set on the sea. He had just got a new small skiff, and he used to sail it on the creek and outside, when there was a good wind.

Hordur himself was at sea when the accident happened. It was a bright morning just like this, but a fresh wind blew from the east. He was returning from a trip with the boat full of herring. He had had good luck for a long time. When he brought the boat alongside the wharf, they came carrying the corpse.

But that time it also seemed as if the sea itself felt that it had taken too great a toll. Throughout that summer and the next as well, he had incredibly good luck. He filled the boat with fish almost every time, even if the others did not catch a thing. It was for him a year of success in every way; and at last he had almost forgiven the sea. After all, one did not get anything for nothing in this world.

All that he possessed he owed to the sea, and it was good to own a little. For his part he did not need a great deal; but it was the boy he had left. He had such a passion for books and studies and the like. He was to graduate from college, as

they called it, next spring. Now he was at home on his holidays.

The boy! Skipper Hordur gave a start at the thought. Obviously what had happened had to do with the boy. For something had happened. He felt that so clearly. What if the boy had taken the skiff and started sailing it and—capsized! Just that had happened to the oldest boy. And then, just as now, he had felt that something had happened.

"Gvendur!"

"Yes—what is it, skipper!"

"Oil the motor, confound it!"

If the sea had taken the boy from him, it might just as well take everything, including himself! Old Hordur scowled grimly out over the shining, friendly sea.

How well he remembered the old days when the little fellow met him on the beach. He always jumped up into his arms, pulled him by the beard, and used him for a riding-horse. And how he laughed and shrieked for joy! Skipper Hordur could not help grinning broadly when he came to think about it.

There were crowds of people down on the beach when old Hordur turned into the creek. The old man stood at the helm himself. The crew had huddled together forward.

Skipper Hordur looked neither to the right nor to the left. Nor up towards the beach. He stared straight ahead and steered in the direction of his large storehouse yonder.

All the time he kept an eye on his home up on the mountain-side. It was so quiet up there. But down on the beach crowds of people were standing. He saw that well enough, and it could bode no good. They should not have the satisfaction of seeing sorrow or tears on the part of old Skipper Hordur! He would at least be man enough for that.

Now they would soon reach land.

But—but what in the world was the matter with the wharf! Hordur did not see it until now. The wharf was gone. Only a few poles were left standing.

He did not take time to ponder over it, for from the house above a young man came running down to the beach. Old Hordur's face lit up. Surely there was the dear boy, his own living self, after all!

The young man stood grave and downcast at the water mark when Hordur jumped ashore.

"The wharf, father," he said. "The sea took it. We couldn't do anything to save it."

Skipper Hordur grinned broadly. Then, with his large seaman's fists, he seized the young man by the shoulders and shook him.

"The wharf, you say, my boy? What the devil do we care about the rotten planks! But listen now. Go and see if you can't find some bottles of good old brandy out in the stable-loft. When we have unloaded the boat we'll slip up there and have a taste!"

The crew suddenly got busy. The brown, weatherbeaten faces were bright with smiles, and winked at each other. Didn't I say so? Old Hordur was always like that. Impossible to figure that fellow out.

But Skipper Hordur stood broad and smiling on the beach. He fetched out his snuff-box, tapped the lid, and took a pinch. Then he gazed around thoughtfully and caught sight of the skiff which lay undamaged high on the beach.

"You might as well have taken that, too," he mumbled with a confidential nod to the sea, which lay out there and slumbered in the sun. Then he coughed and grinned. "But I must say that this time you were not so unreasonable at that!"

Turn 'Round

By JOHAN BOJER

Translated from the Norwegian by LIDA SIBONI HANSON

I WONDER if the friendship between Hans of Rustad and the Sexton was not due to the fact that the one possessed what the other lacked. The Sexton was learned but poor. The owner of Rustad was ignorant but rich. The Sexton was thin and lively, and when he came running with his quick steps he looked like liberty and song and universal progress personified. The owner of Rustad was stout, broad-shouldered, and heavy. When he came striding in his thick homespun clothes, he made one think of fertile soil and money at interest. The Sexton could give lectures and write in the newspapers; the owner of Rustad knew how to buy and sell forests and horses, but could just barely sign his name to a paper. The Sexton lived in a couple of small rooms in the schoolhouse although he had many children. The farmer of Rustad was childless, but could boast of a large house with a long row of windows above and below. His house stood on a hill, and looked haughtily over the whole parish.

Sometimes when the Sexton looked at this fine house, he would think: "Well, of course, Hans has forests and grounds and cattle and palaces, but what's the use when he is as empty headed as an old nag?" That was a comforting thought. He needn't feel inferior to Hans. And when the bigwig sat in a meeting and heard the Sexton discuss history and politics in a way that made people open eyes and mouth, and felt his own ignorance, it helped him to say to himself: "Well, of course, the fellow has the gift of gab, but how far does it get him when he is as poor as a churchmouse?" And he would feel like teasing the poor Sexton, asking him how many horses he was going to have in

his stable in the fall. To be sure, they were good friends, yet they had to tease each other a little whenever they saw each other. And of course each respected the other for the gifts that the Lord had given him—but maybe each liked the other just as much for his deficiencies as for his gifts.

The Sexton was also a schoolteacher and had two zones for this activity; the first half of the week he taught in the schoolhouse and the second half in an attic at Rustad. When he was there he was always invited to meals, and in bad weather he would sometimes stay overnight. Then the two men would sit and smoke their long pipes all evening, and the wife at Rustad would treat them freely to coffee. "How long ago is it that you cheated a fellow Christian in a horse deal?" the Sexton would ask. And the farmer, who always went around in his shirt-sleeves and with open vest, would retort with another question: "Tell me, was there one word of truth in all your rant about the Left politics when we were at the wedding in Omstad?" "Ouch! ouch!" cried the Sexton. Then both would chuckle and have a fine time together.

One morning the farmer went to the room where the Sexton had spent the night, and found his friend with suspenders hanging and his face in the wash-bowl. "That's right," teased Hans; "I guess your politics need soap and water in plenty."

When the Sexton had dried himself, he said: "You are brushing your hair a different way, aren't you?"

"Yes," said the farmer, "I wanted to look like you." Both were very thin-haired. Then they took it into their heads

to see which of them had hair enough to stand straight up, and they went over to the long mirror on the wall and used their "Left and Right"—Liberals and Conservatives in Norwegian politics—combs with a will. The Sexton's thin wisps collapsed at once for lack of support from neighbors, and the farmer did not fare much better. They just looked at themselves in the glass, blinking at each other. Both had dark beards, but the Sexton's was thinner than his friend's. One was wise, the other powerful, but one seemed to obtain from the other what he lacked himself.

At Christmas the Sexton would come to Rustad with his wife and children, and the bigwig was so nice to the children that they weren't far from calling him Daddy. When they had left, Hans and his wife would lie in their beds at night, sighing because the house seemed so empty without the little ones.

Thus many years passed. The Sexton helped the farmer to write documents, and the farmer sent many a load of wood and food to the schoolhouse, and always forgot to send a bill with it. But one thing he always refused to do: to vote with the Left at the elections. This was on account of his religion. For having grown as rich as he was, he had perhaps now and then acted in a not altogether blameless way. He could not make up his mind to ask the Lord's forgiveness for this, and it was too hard work to read in the family prayer book—he had tried it, but had had to give it up. Instead of this, he had the ministers come to Rustad and hold services, and he hoped our Lord would not forget it on the Day of Judgment. Now the ministers insisted that the politics of the Left defied the word of God, and both he and his wife saw that clearly enough.

But at one time the battle between the two parties raged so furiously that neighbors flew at each other whenever they met and brothers became enemies for life.

It was not easy to keep out of it all, and when one day the Sexton came to Hans and wanted to put him up for Thingman, this proved to be more than Hans could resist. The Left party lost that year; still Hans was elected to sit on the local government board of which the Sexton was president.

That was a hard blow for the Right. Here Hans Rustad had forsaken both the Party and God's word!

But with his new dignity, a new time began for the farmer. He began to vision himself as Thingman. He had dreams of dining with the King, and foresaw the day when his portrait would be on the front page of the newspapers. If that happened he supposed his wife would have to give up her head-kerchief, and buy herself a hat. Most likely it would be brought about at the next elections. For the present, his seat on the government board gave him a foretaste of the joy of governing and ruling over others.

But it was not easy always to agree with the Sexton, for Hans still favored economy and God's word. The Sexton wanted to buy books by Björnson and other atheists for the small public library, but the farmer opposed this, remembering his horse deals and the Day of Judgment. The Sexton wanted the roads improved, but the farmer thought they were good enough as they were. Yet the Sexton invariably carried the day because he had the gift of gab. And the bigwig sat there fumbling his beard and sending sinister glances at his friend. He felt that the board members did not consider him and the Sexton equals, but esteemed the Sexton much higher. Who knew? Maybe that fellow would shove him aside and get elected as Thingman himself! Maybe his promise to the bigwig had only been a trick to get his friend to vote for the Left. Suppose that was it?

Here that jabbering fellow sat and wound all of them round his little finger, and look at the few pennies he paid in

taxes!
big mo
ship, b
right?
Evil
but tin
Be at
merely
were
helped
He le
longer
other
The
thing
famil
horse
Bu
walk
at th
quid,
place
it? C
boar
mon
men
laid
own
not
Han
food
Sext
be s
I
ver
ver
and
the
eve
far
wa
hav
an
oh
dic
co
it.
at

taxes! And here was the farmer paying big money every year to State and township, but no one listened to *him*. Was that right?

Evil thoughts began to well up in him, but time after time he suppressed them. Be at odds with the Sexton? Never. And merely to show what good friends they were he pulled himself together and helped the Sexton get a home of his own: He let him have a piece of land that belonged to Rustad but was situated on the other side of the ridge.

The Sexton was delighted. It's a big thing to be under your own roof with your family, besides having land enough for a horse and a cow.

But after a while the farmer began to walk around on the ridge, looking down at the Sexton's house. He chewed his quid, blinked his eyes, and thought the place was pretty nice. Strange, wasn't it? One man was glib and could make the board grant money for all kinds of things, money that was to come out of other men's pockets. Another man had a little laid aside, and helped people out of his own savings. After all, the Sexton was not much better than a beggar to whom Hans in his kindness had thrown a bit of food. Would people still consider the Sexton the better of the two? That would be seen at the next board meeting.

I wonder if the Sexton himself was very happy in his new home. It was not very pleasant to owe so much to others, and he and his family almost felt as if they should salute and thank the bigwig every time they met him. If only Rustad farm hadn't been so close by! The Sexton was not far from wishing that he could have taken his house and moved it to another parish, or—or that the farmer—oh, well, we all must move some day. He didn't like this thought much, yet he could lie in his bed at night, playing with it.

Next time the two friends disagreed at a board meeting, the farmer thought,

"If he isn't dead to all shame, he'll give in." And the Sexton thought, "I don't have to show myself grateful here too, I should hope."

As always, the Sexton gained his way, and when the farmer drove home in the evening he was mad. "That's what you get for giving him a roof over his head," he thought. And his wife was furious and excited him still more. "Soon you'll black the fellow's shoes for him," she said.

The Sexton didn't like it so very much either, when people came and told him that Hans of Rustad was calling him a scoundrel.

People began to rub their hands with pleasure over the fight between these two, and all were anxious to see how it would end.

At the next Thing election Rustad wasn't even mentioned, but the Sexton, underhanded as he was, was appointed deputy. Hans almost choked. He lost out at the municipal elections, too, and it was easy enough to guess who was at the bottom of it. He was in the way, he supposed.

For the first time in his life Hans Rustad was ashamed. He felt as if he had had a whipping in the presence of the whole parish, and it was the Sexton who had wielded the whip. Hans sauntered across the fields, chewing his quid, fumbling his beard, gazing at his houses, his ridges, the fjord, and the blue, snow-capped mountains in the far west. Everywhere he heard the cry, "You have had a whipping, old man! And all nature is laughing at you, from north to south!"

It created quite a sensation when he left the Sexton's party and went back to the Right. Anonymous articles appeared against him in the papers—that's the Sexton again, he thought. But Right collected its forces and put him back on the local government board where the Sexton still presided, and now the battle raged more bitterly than ever. Hans and the Sexton became chiefs for two opposite

parties in the parish. They held election meetings which almost ended in fist-fights. With his gift of gab, the Sexton could easily drive Hans into a corner, but on the other hand, the Sexton had no mortgages on other people's farms. He had neither money nor forests nor a well filled pantry. It was of no use going to him when one was in a fix, and many a poor wretch who needed a helping hand voted for Hans. Liberty and progress may be all right, but a pail of milk and credit in the bank are not to be despised, either. And it is of course fine to be wise, but it is just as fine to be powerful.

The day came when the Sexton felt it a sore trial to keep school at Rustad. Of course he had to do it, but he was no longer invited to meals. It had gone so far that he and the farmer went out of their way to avoid each other, except at the political meetings. And before one knew it, the Sexton had fitted out a school-room in his own house, and his friends did not give the board any peace until the school was taken away from Rustad and moved straight to the Sexton's home. Another victory for Left, another disgrace for the bigwig who again felt as if he had received a whipping in the presence of the whole parish. And again it was the Sexton who wielded the whip. Always, always the Sexton.

In the night Hans lay brooding over all the kindnesses he had shown this fellow when they were still friends. He discovered that there were several bushels of potatoes for which he had never been paid, and several loads of wood, at this time and that time and the other time, and butter and milk and bacon again and again. It was impossible to remember it all, but he lay there trying to figure out how much it would have amounted to in money. So this was his reward!—And then there was the piece of land, and the lumber for the house which the Sexton had got for almost nothing! Now that

little whippersnapper was pointing his fingers at his benefactor—

"Ha, ha," he seemed to say, "I fooled you, didn't I? You are a fox at business, but I seem to be your superior there, too. I fooled you, old man. Remember the time I made you believe that you would be elected Thingman? *You Thingman?* Ha, ha!"

Hans boiled and fumed and choked with anger that night. Was he to submit to that?

But one night he sat up in bed, grasping his head with his hands. He had an inspiration.

When the Sexton's land still belonged to Rustad, a driveway had been made to connect it with the farm; this driveway was used in the fall when the harvest was brought in. And now the Sexton had to use it to get to the highroad; and what was worse, he had to drive through Rustad yard each time.

One evening, when he came back from the town and had reached the ridge, his horse suddenly shied, and the farmer himself rose from behind a bush.

"Oh, is it you?" said the Sexton, trying to laugh. "You are out late, aren't you?"

But Hans stepped out to the middle of the road and raised his fist. "Turn 'round!" he said harshly.

For a moment they stared at each other in silence.

"What did you say?" asked the Sexton finally.

"Turn 'round! This is my road. You have no right to drive here. Turn 'round!"

"Are you joking?"

"I'll show you," and Hans took hold of the bridle and began to turn the horse the other way.

"What nonsense is this? Have you gone crazy, man?" cried the Sexton, pulling the reins to steer the horse the right way. But Hans had already turned it back and ran beside it, shouting at it to make it run. The Sexton raged and fumed and

was not far from hitting Hans with his whip—but before he knew it, they were back on the highroad.

"Now," said the Farmer, "you can drive 'round. I don't want all kinds of rabble driving through my yard, and the road is mine. Drive 'round!"

Drive 'round? That meant half an hour's detour over the ridge and back. What madness!

But the Sexton was small and here was this giant clicking his tongue at the horse, repeating his "Turn 'round!" For the present there was no help for it.

During the following days not only was the Sexton forbidden the road, but also everyone else who wanted to visit him. Hans Rustad sat at the window and kept his eye on the yard, and all of a sudden he would run out and cry, "Turn 'round!"

Some thought he was joking and others spoke up and told him what they thought of him. But all had to turn.

The rumor began to spread that the farmer at Rustad had a screw loose. The school children came running, but they were all chased back to the highroad. The Sexton's children came running, and that was the worst. The oldest girl was fourteen, and at one time Hans had thought of making her his heir. Now she came with her brown braids and her pert little face, and her eyes said, "You aren't going to do anything to me, are you?"

Hans felt the pain of it to his very bones. But there was no way out. If he wanted to come out on top, he must not weaken, the girl had to turn 'round.

When she had gone Hans had a fit of rage, tearing the few wisps of hair he had left. That cursed imp of a teacher who had led him into such a mess!

Once more the Sexton came driving and had to turn back. Then he brought a couple of strong men with him and forced his way through, but next time the farmer had three or four boys to help

him, and they were not far from starting a fight then and there.

Of course this meant a lawsuit. There was still law and justice in the country, both parts hoped!

"Can you forbid people to drive on an old road?" This or that man would ask the bigwig of Rustad.

"Yes," he answered, "the road is mine. When I bought the farm, I bought the road, too."

Now the fun began. The two chiefs drew their parties into the combat. The men of the Left party forgot their big words about liberty and progress, and it was considered radical politics to champion the Sexton's right of way across the Rustad fields. And the men of the Right forgot their economy and God's work and ranted against any such right for the Sexton. No one talked of anything else in the whole parish.

Of course there were lawyers in the town who were in politics. The Sexton engaged one from the Left, his opponent one from the Right, and one day these two advocates of the law came driving with their protocols, went over the grounds, interrogated witnesses, wrote everything down and, all in all, proceeded in a very thorough manner. The first time the matter was brought to court, the Left lawyer asked for postponement in order to call in new witnesses; next time, the Right lawyer did the same. The opponents appeared with their entire households, and the Sexton's wife and children testified that the farmer had abused them and used violence when they had walked on the road in all innocence. But the farmer's wife and hired men and boys had also a word to say—they testified that they had seen the Sexton, not only in the road, but even a few steps beyond it in the Rustad fields. All in the Rustad household were enemies with all in the Sexton's household and when they met anywhere they did not hide their feelings.

Years passed. However violently the two lawyers abused each other at court, they agreed in one thing: the matter had to be thoroughly investigated. So they constantly brought in new witnesses, and constantly asked for postponement.

But all this cost money. The farmer swore that he would push his lawsuit until he owned nothing but his shirt. The Sexton did not need to swear for he was almost reduced to that state now.

But the Left had again come into power and the Sexton's lawyer had friends in the Government, and one fine day the State assumed all the Sexton's law expenses.

Hans raged. "There you see, fellows," he shouted. "That's where our tax money goes. Vote for Left, fellows! Ha, ha!"

And the Sexton said to his followers, "Now you can see that Left wants us small people to have our rights. But perhaps you would rather vote for Right and see everything go to the rich!"

Now the lawyers could take all the time they wanted, for Right and the State paid the expenses.

But hostility costs more than money, and both the Sexton and Rustad grew gray and pale. They didn't get any too much sleep, either. Their followers still came and flattered them, and told them what their opponent had said about them, but they began to grow rather tired of it. Both felt a strange desire to throw the gossipers out. They were weary with their own rage, worn out by their own abusive language. They were ready to give up the whole thing. At times one would think of the other with something like a secret yearning. And questions would form vaguely in his mind. How are matters with you? Can't I find you again?

To tell the truth, both had the feeling that they still belonged together and that it would be fine to have things forgotten and forgiven. When they still were friends, the Sexton had not felt quite so

poor—it had almost been as if he owned part of Rustad farm. And the farmer had understood a little more of books and politics simply because the Sexton had been near him.

Now both of them had the feeling of being shriveled up.

But they didn't dare to give in to this feeling. It had to be suppressed, or at least hidden. Give in? Lose the lawsuit? Never.

Yet it happened once in a while now that they stopped and exchanged a few words, even joked with each other. And afterwards both wondered at the fact that they felt much younger.

The Sexton had a boat in which he used to row across the lake to the town meetings. The farmer had no boat but used to drive round the bay. One evening, when both were getting ready to go home, the Sexton said, "Aren't you driving to-day, Hans?"

"No," said Hans.

"It's rather far for you to walk, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"You can come along in my boat," suggested the Sexton.

"Thank you," answered the farmer, and sat down in the stern.

There was a third man in the boat, a friend of the Sexton's. Off they went in the starry night, with the lights from the farms making wavy bridges in the water. When they were halfway across, the Sexton laid his oars down, rose in the boat, and said to the farmer, "Turn 'round!" His friend laughed.

"Turn 'round?" The farmer stared at him.

"Sure—turn 'round! The boat is mine."

"Are you crazy, man? Shall I turn 'round here?"

"Yes. The boat is mine. Turn 'round!"

"You'll have to row me back, then."

"Oh no, we must be going home. But

you have no right to my boat. Turn 'round."

The farmer felt a cold shiver run down his spine. He was afraid on the lake and there were two against him.

He fumbled his beard and tittered. "Well, if you want to kill me, throw me out. But maybe we shall meet again some day."

"Turn 'round, Hans!"

"Hold your tongue, idiot, and row!"

The friend rose, too. They were two against one—but when he was young, the farmer had been able to take it up with five or six.

"If you will call off the lawsuit and let me drive on the road, you can stay in the boat," said the Sexton.

But this was too much for the farmer. He rose, swung his fists, and cried, "Never in my life. And now you are to take the oars and row, or I'll throw you overboard."

He took a step forward. Like a giant he towered over them, and the other men felt a pang of envy, seeing him standing there so powerful and broad. Before the Sexton knew what he was doing, he had taken his seat and begun to row.

When they had landed, the farmer said, "Thank you for the row. If it should turn out to be expensive for one of us, it will not be for me. And this time I don't think the State will pay for you."

But on his way to the house he wondered why he was in such good humor. Poor Sexton! If he could only feel for once how good it was to be big and strong like a grown man! "As soon as you lifted your hand, old man," said the farmer to himself, "he fell down. Poor fellow!"

During the following days the Sexton went around with his heart in his mouth. What in the world had come over him? When he had had the farmer in his power he had been ready to forget all their quarrels and eat humble pie, and simply to brace himself up he had gone to the

other extreme—with this terrible result.

He supposed he could expect the sheriff now. He would probably be prosecuted and punished—attempt at murder led directly to the penitentiary, most likely.

After all these tumultuous years he was so worn out that he only longed for peace. His nights were haunted by fears and fancies. He tried to say prayers and sing hymns—he was a religious man at heart, and always wanted to do the right thing.

A couple of weeks passed thus. The farmer had taken no steps—did the matter seem ridiculous to him? The Sexton pondered. Was his adversary more magnanimous than he?

One day in fall when Hans Rustad was plowing his fields, he suddenly saw the Sexton approach with another, gray-bearded man. Wasn't that Paul Omstad, Hans' own brother? They came straight towards him.

"Good-day and God bless your work," they said. Then for a while the talk was about the weather and the crops. The Sexton and Paul sat down on the plow. Hans wondered why his brother had come.

At last the Sexton burst out: "Listen, Hans—what if we gave up the lawsuit?"

His face was pale with sleeplessness, but he tried to give it a roguish expression, as in the days of their friendship.

"We—ll," answered the bigwig, "if we are to talk about that, outsiders had better keep away. Such a thing had better be discussed man to man."

The others stared at him. Was his brother an outsider?

"Shall I go?" asked his brother and rose.

"You go and see the wife," answered Hans.

Paul went slowly towards the house.

The Sexton seemed to shrink into himself. "Do with me whatever you will, Hans," he said. "I am through. I'll have

to give in about the road. Have things as you want them." He buried his face in his hands.

For a while Hans looked at him, chewing his tobacco vigorously. Like himself, the Sexton had only a rim of hair left at the ears, and it was quite white.

The bigwig spat. He looked around for help. If only he could have beaten up someone! But here was his opponent, collapsed like a dishrag. His equal, was he? dear me!

He cleared his throat. "Oh, the road?" he said, as if wondering how the weather would be tomorrow. "Of course you can have that confounded road. It's lying there, costing me neither food nor wages. The road? Sure you can have the road."

The Sexton turned towards him and stretched out his thin hand. The other man seized it with his big fists, cloddy with the soil. But then it was the farmer's turn to collapse.

"Now you write and ask the lawyers to burn up all the rubbish they have written in the protocols," he said. "For you are smart at writing, you are."

They tried to wink at each other.

"I'll tell them that we passed sentence ourselves because they could never get ready," added the Sexton.

The mistress of Rustad was greatly surprised to see her husband drive into the yard with the plow horses although it wasn't nearly suppertime. And mercy me! Was that the Sexton with him?

Her husband called to her to put on the coffeepot at once.

Before the men separated that evening, they had agreed to play the lawyers a trick. The Sexton was not to write a word to them.

Those two fine gentlemen had announced that they were coming out once more to investigate the poor miserable bit of a road. So one day they came, each in his own cariole, with protocols and other paraphernalia.

But just as they were swinging into Rustad yard, there stood the farmer and the Sexton. Neither took off his hat, as he was wont, and the bigwig raised his fist and cried, "Turn 'round!"

The foremost horse stopped. In the cariole sat the Left lawyer, with his blond moustache and his pince-nez. "Hello, Mr. Sexton," he cried to his client. In the next cariole came the Right lawyer with full beard and spectacles. He wanted to show them that he considered himself made of the same clay as they, so he too called hello to his client.

But the farmer repeated, "Turn 'round."

"What is that?" Both lawyers gaped at him.

"Go home," said Hans. "For since you could never get ready, we have passed sentence ourselves. Turn 'round!"

The fat was in the fire. The lawyers were determined to force an entrance. But finally the farmer took the foremost horse by the rein and turned it around, however much the lawyer shouted and swore. Then the other horse shared his comrade's fate.

"Go home!" shouted Hans, brandishing his fist.

So they had to go. But the air resounded with their threats as long as they were in sight.

The farmer and the Sexton stood looking and laughing at these two gentlemen who had wrangled and written so diligently all these years and now had to leave the field with their tails between their legs. Perhaps that would be a bond of friendship between them.

"I am afraid this will cost us a good deal," said the Sexton. "I dare say they'll send us a bill for damages."

"Oh well!" said Hans. "The State pays your expenses, you know. And I am not quite down to my shirt yet!"

Ships Out of the Past

By FRED A. BROWN

AT VARIOUS points on the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans is a handful of towering, white-hulled ships whose histories are records of romance and drama. Laden deep with the golden harvest of Australian wheat fields, they are bound for Europe, where their first port of call will be either Queenstown, Ireland, or Falmouth, England.

Ships out of the past. . . .

No truer description could be applied to the vessels that are heading for the Irish and English coasts, for they are the survivors of an era in maritime history which, having reached its zenith during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, is now drawing rapidly to a close. In other words, they are the "old guard" of the great ships of sail which were once kings of the ocean.

The days of windjammers were numbered with the construction of the first steamer. But the white-winged ships have taken a long time to die. Today, however, the end is in sight. The deep-water sailers that are still in commission number little more than a score, and nearly all are veterans. The youngest member of the company was launched over twenty-five years ago: most of the ships have battled with wind and sea since the time when the tall spars of windjammers raked the horizon on every ocean route—the days when tramp steamers were outclassed for speed by the "fliers" of the clipper fleets. Within the next decade or so they will become too old to fight the sea, and there is very little chance of their being replaced by vessels of a similar type.

The reason why it is unlikely that they will have any successors is an obvious one—namely, that in this age of speed and, incidentally, low freights, windjammers are not economic propositions. In fact, the

few that are still existent are kept in commission only because they are useful as training ships. No regular trade is left to them apart from the carrying of Australian grain once a year, and when not engaged in that way, most of them have to be laid up because of a dearth of charters.

Moreover, it happens frequently that a sailer fails to obtain a cargo for the run from Europe to Australia. The result in such cases is a dead loss on the round trip, for the cost incurred in sending the vessel out in ballast is always far in excess of the profit made on the homeward voyage.

Yes, "homeward" is correct, for the ships which are now making their way



Photograph by Jarvis

THE FINNISH BARQUE *Herzogin Cecilie* WHICH CAN TRAVEL FASTER THAN A CARGO STEAMER

across the ocean are registered, not in Australian, but in European ports. Furthermore, all but two of them belong to either Swedish or Finnish firms, and they are manned entirely by Scandinavians.

The fleet consists of eighteen steel barques, mostly four-masters, and a solitary barquentine. Carrying among them over 1,500,000 bags of wheat, these ships are due to call at either Queenstown or Falmouth for orders, and they will then go on to various ports in the United Kingdom and on the Continent.

Ten of the windjammers left Australian waters during the first four months of the year, and the remainder are departing at intervals up to about the beginning of June, the starting-points being Port Augusta, Wallaroo, Port Pirie, Adelaide, and other South Australian grain centers. In view of the fact that the average time taken for the 15,000-mile trip is one hundred days, the first ship to set sail will have reached Europe in the early part of April, whereas, a further five months will probably pass by before the laggard of the fleet completes the crossing.

According to a custom of long standing, the "old-timers" are competing for the Blue Ribbon of the windjammer fleet, which will go to the ship that makes the shortest passage of the year. For five consecutive years the tussles between the Scandinavian-owned sailers have afforded the world brief glimpses of the romance that was associated with the sea before the advent of steamships. The contests took place for many years prior to the above mentioned period, but a break occurred in 1926, when, owing to the failure of the Australian wheat crop, only two or three windjammers were chartered for Europe.

One of the ships that did make the trip in 1926 was the four-masted barque *Beatrice*, which is owned by Rederiaktiebolaget Pollux, of Gothenburg. Living up to her reputation as a "flier," she ran from Melbourne to the Thames in 86 days—

the quickest passage for years. Next year, being down South America way with guano, the *Beatrice* did not take part in the 1927 race, which was contested by seventeen windjammers. The winner was the big Finnish barque *Herzogin Cecilie* with a run of 88 days.

In the following year, the *Beatrice* and the *Herzogin Cecilie* set out on the same day from Port Lincoln, the Swedish ship going round the Cape of Good Hope, and the Finn taking the Cape Horn route. The latter vessel was four days ahead of her rival when she crossed the Line, but the *Beatrice* would have made up the leeway easily enough if only she had met with a little luck on the Atlantic. As it happened, however, she encountered a series of dead calms interspersed with spells of light winds, with the result that she reached Falmouth eighteen days behind the *Herzogin Cecilie*. The six other sailers that were in the race also failed to equal the Finn's time of 96 days.

But the winning of the Blue Ribbon for the second year in succession was not the sole distinction that fell to the lot of the *Herzogin Cecilie*—she took to Europe the only girl who has ever succeeded in accompanying the fleet as a stowaway! The adventurous young lady in question was Miss Jeanne Day, a twenty-two year old South Australian, who, being unable to find work in her own country, decided that she would try her luck on the other side of the world. So, dressed in man's clothes, she went to Port Lincoln harbor late one night, and persuaded a fisherman to row her out to the *Herzogin Cecilie*, which was due to sail on the following day. Getting on board undetected, she hid among the wheat sacks in the after-hold, and there, in total darkness and with rats for company, she remained until the ship had been at sea for two days. The ship could not be put back, of course, for the purpose of landing the unwanted passenger, but the captain told Miss Day that she would be transferred to the first Australian-

THE

boun
for t
in fa
the
vesse

T
mast
long
Got
Cap
win
com
such
able
wat
wer
enc
gir
cei
Pe



Nautical Photo Agency

THE SWEDISH BARQUE *Beatrice*, HOLDER OF THE RECORD FOR THE FASTEST PASSAGE. THE BEAUTIFUL FIGUREHEAD OF THE *Beatrice* CAN BE SEEN ON THE COVER PICTURE SHOWING HER AT ANCHOR IN FALMOUTH BAY

bound steamer that was sighted. Luckily for the girl, no steamer came into view—in fact, the *Herzogin Cecilie* was nearly at the Line before she fell in with another vessel.

That ship was a fellow-sailer, the four-masted barque *C. B. Pedersen*, which belongs to Rederiaktiebolaget Portunus, of Gothenburg, and is under the command of Captain H. J. Dahlström. Through the wind dropping soon after they had joined company, the two ships idled along in such close proximity that their crews were able to conduct a conversation across the water. Needless to say, the Swedish crew were informed without delay of the presence on board the *Herzogin Cecilie* of a girl stowaway. This item of news was received very sceptically, and the *C. B. Pedersen's* crew remained unconvinced

even when they saw Miss Day appear on the poop of the other vessel. Naturally enough under the circumstances, they thought that the whole affair was an elaborate "leg-pull," and that the dainty figure was really an apprentice dressed as a girl.

Entering into the spirit of the supposed joke, the Swedish crew manned a boat, and set off for the *Herzogin Cecilie*, taking with them a gaily-decorated box of chocolates. One member of the boat's crew had provided himself with a concertina, and it was with musical honors that the gift was taken on board the Finnish ship. One glance at Miss Day and—well, the visitors admitted that the joke was on them after all!

Soon after this amusing incident a breeze sprang up, and the ships sep-

arated. Later, however, the *C. B. Pedersen* was delayed by light winds, and she failed to catch up with the big Finn.

Neither the *Herzogin Cecilie* nor the *C. B. Pedersen* were successful in the 1929 race. Making runs of 104 days and 107 days respectively, they finished second and third to the Scandinavian *Archibald Russell*, which, under the command of Captain Sjögren, went from Williamstown, Port Philip Bay, to the Cove of Cork in 93 days. "Towering" is the only adjective that adequately describes the *Archibald Russell*, with her raking masts rising to dizzying heights from her long, slim-beamed hull. Built at Greenock, Scotland, in 1905, she is a four-masted barque measuring over 300 feet from bowsprit to stern; she has a beam of 36 feet; and the distance from her deck to the tip of her topmast is 180 feet. The total area of her canvas is one and one half acres!

The *Archibald Russell* had a lonely voyage in 1929. No sign of human life was seen by her crew until the thirty-sixth day of the trip, when a faint glow appeared low down on the horizon. That glow was the reflection on the sky of the beam sent out by the lighthouse at Cape Pembroke, Falkland Islands, and it was greeted with a rousing cheer by the little band of sailors. The first vessel to be sighted was the Royal Mail Packet liner *Camito*, which signaled "good luck" on her siren as she swept by. The sailer had then been at sea for 81 days!

But, after all, the men of the *Archibald Russell* were more fortunate than the crew of the full-rigged ship *Grace Harwar*. It was about the middle of April that the *Grace Harwar* sailed out of Wallaroo harbor. All went well for the first week, but after that came a continual battle with the elements. Gales from the southeast prevented the ship from making any headway, and at last, in an effort to pick up favorable winds, the captain decided to make a lengthy detour by way of Cook Straits. There, however, the *Grace*

Harwar ran into a calm, and she was further delayed during the run to Cape Horn by fogs and spells of heavy weather. The bleak South American promontory lived up fully to its nickname of "Cape Stiff," for in rounding it the *Grace Harwar* received a terrible buffeting from wind and sea. Moreover, in the early stages of that grim battle Death stalked aboard the laboring windjammer, an apprentice being killed by a falling spar. The burial of the young sailor took place on the following day. It was a deeply moving ceremony, to use the words of Mr. A. J. Villiers, an Australian author, who was on board at the time. The ship was hove to, and as she rolled uneasily on the grey seas, her crew gathered silently on the poop. To the mournful clanging of the ship's bell, the captain read the service in Swedish and in English, referring to the dead man by name in accordance with the Scandinavian custom. "We bid a last farewell to you," he concluded . . . and a shrouded form disappeared beneath the surface of the Pacific Ocean.

The *Grace Harwar's* troubles did not cease with the entrance of the ship on the Atlantic. While fighting her way through a hurricane, she sprang a leak, and for several days her weary crew had to toil at the pumps. A little later, the food supplies ran short, and the crew were literally starving when a steamer answered their distress signals. Hastily a boat was manned and sent over to the other ship. So weak, however, were the men of the *Grace Harwar* that they were unable to make the return journey unaided, and the boat, piled high with provisions, had to be towed back to the sailer by the steamer. From that point on the voyage was uneventful, and, finally, the *Grace Harwar* sailed into the Cove of Cork on the 138th day out from Wallaroo. Her voyage was the longest of the year and—the pluckiest!

Apart from the *Archibald Russell*, *C. B. Pedersen*, *Herzogin Cecilie*, and *Grace*

Harwar, the fourteen contestants in 1929 included the Swedish sailers *Beatrice* (Captain Algot Thorson) and *Lawhill* (Captain A. Söderlund), and the Britisher *Garthpool*. The Swedes went round Cape Horn, and took 118 days each for the crossing, being at sea twelve days less than the British windjammer, which followed the Cape of Good Hope route.

This was the *Garthpool's* final race, for in the following November she was wrecked on a reef off Bonavista, Cape Verde Islands. She was the only windjammer that was sailing under the Red Ensign, and as she was not replaced, Great Britain has been unrepresented in the wheat races ever since her loss.

The *Garthpool* is survived, however, by her sister-ship—the huge Dundee-built four-master *Lawhill*, which now flies the Swedish flag. With room in her holds for nearly 6,000 tons of cargo, the *Lawhill* is the largest member of the windjammer

fleet. Moreover, since the disappearance of the five-master Danish training ship, the *Köbenhavn*, in 1928, she has held the distinction of being the biggest deep-water sailer in the world.

The main feature of the 1930 race was a duel between the *Herzogin Cecilie* and the four-master *Pommern*, whose masters, Captain Sven Erikson and Captain C. V. Granith respectively, have been friendly rivals for many years. Each thinks that his ship is the fastest sailer, and two years ago this difference of opinion led to Captain Erikson making a wager of £50 with Captain Granith that the *Herzogin Cecilie* would beat the *Pommern* by a fortnight. Captain Erikson lost the wager, for while his ship took 110 days to reach Falmouth, the *Pommern* was at sea for only 105 days. What is more, the *Pommern's* run was the shortest of the year, apart from that of the Finnish barquentine *Mozart*. The last-named vessel did



Photograph by Jarvis

THE SWEDISH BARQUE *Lawhill*, THE LARGEST WINDJAMMER IN THE WORLD

the crossing in 93 days, but as she had the decided advantage of being in ballast, she was not the true winner of the wheat race.

The *Pommern* failed, however, to repeat her success last year. Three ships did the trip in less than 100 days, but she was not among them. On the other hand, the *Herzogin Cecilie* made the fastest voyage of all, her time for the run from Wallaroo to the Cornish coast being 92 days.

A notable incident of the big Finn's passage was the defeat of the *Cutty Sark's* record for a single day's sailing. The famous British tea clipper's longest run in twenty-four hours was one of 353 miles: the record set up by the *Herzogin Cecilie* was a run of 365 miles in 23½ hours. Incidentally, the last-named ship also demonstrated that a deep-water sailer

can outrace the average tramp steamer over a short distance. At one stage in the race she romped along at a speed of 17½ miles an hour! But in spite of her triumph at the expense of the old *Cutty Sark*, she failed by several days to equal the Swedish *Beatrice's* trip of 86 days in 1926—the fastest passage on record, and one that stands supreme today.

Which ship is likely to win the race that is now in progress? answered with any degree of certainty. answered with any degree of certainty. Because a particular ship is a faster sailer than her rivals, it does not follow that she will make the shortest passage. No, the only factors necessary for success in the wheat race are good seamanship and . . . the blessing of King Neptune!

The Sea

By VILHELM EKELEND

Translated from the Swedish by CHARLES WHARTON STORK

O REFUGE, firm abode of peace!
 Howe'er the soul be wearied
 Thou none the less, O sea
 Art new in glory.
 Faced by that overpowering spectacle,
 How many hearts have forgotten,
 How many souls been stilled!
 The noble of mankind, the mighty
 In thought and song have fed their spirits full,
 Holy one, with thy surges that resound
 In sunrise strophes from the lips of Pindar
 And grave dark evening rhythm of the Psalms.

"To the Rear, March!"

By HOLGER LUNDBERGH

THE COLONEL of the Royal Body Guard was having breakfast with his wife in their Stockholm apartment. It was May 1—the Swedish Labor Day. Through the open window poured the generous spring sunshine. The sky was blue and there were blue flowers in a bowl on the table. From the kitchen came the blonde Kristin with the coffee and the Colonel's wife poured it. The Colonel looked up from his paper. He was a handsome man, tall and well built. His hair was still black and his grey eyes had the keen light of youth. He twisted his thin d'Artagnan mustache and said in that quiet but authoritative voice that privates and majors knew and respected.

"There will be quite a show at the Ladugårdsgårde today. The Socialists claim that more than fifty thousand workmen will demonstrate."

"Do they expect any trouble?" his wife asked.

"I think not," he said. "Some banners will probably be confiscated by the police, and the speakers will give us officers hell. But that's nothing new."

"All the barracks are closed, I suppose," said his wife.

"Oh, yes," said the Colonel. "It wouldn't do to have the men sing the Internationale in the uniform of the King."

He thought of his boys, twelve hundred of them, locked in the red brick quadrangle, a short distance from his home. They were good boys. His lieutenants and captains were always worried about the Communist propaganda. "You can't trust the men," was the complaint. They all hated the conscription and would turn on you at the first chance. He didn't believe it. He thought of the country boys, fat and jovial and a little lazy. Salt of the earth. And the youngsters taken from the

factories or the waterfronts, under-nourished, thin-lipped lads with shifty eyes. There was good material in them, too, if you only knew how to bring it out.

He thought of the Ladugårdsgårde, where the Socialists and the Reds would soon clump under their arrogant banners. The field was very large, and ever since the early eighteenth century it had served as the drilling ground of the Stockholm regiments. He had marched his first company over those ridges as a young subaltern years ago. Now he always saw the prairie-like expanse from the height of his horse. At inspections Lieutenant-Colonel Trana would turn over the regiment, and the Colonel would look up and down the long straight lines of grey, salute, and call, "Good morning, boys." And the lads, at smart attention, would respond with, "Good morning, Colonel." They were good boys and would be fine soldiers. He didn't like to think of them locked up like prisoners, but orders were orders. It was pleasant, too, to have a quiet day at home with his wife. The breakfast tasted fine, and the sunshine lay hot and lazy on his shoulders.

But then his quick ears heard the tramp of marching feet. He looked at his wife and said smilingly, "Signe, I believe the Reds are honoring us with a parade under our windows."

"They never used to come this way," said his wife.

The Colonel who had again turned to his paper said, "Oh, well, they have to think of something new now and then."

Suddenly he rose. "Quite a military tread to those Bolsheviks," he said.

He went to the window and looked out. Abruptly he spun around, and his wife, who had instinctively risen from the table,

heard him cry in a new, sharp voice, "It's the Guard."

A moment later he was in the hall. With one hand he reached for his riding crop and with the other he slapped the silver-braided kepi on his head. "I'll be back in a minute," he called over his shoulder.

The Colonel raced down the stairs and jerked the door open. On the sidewalk he stopped short. Along Banér Street, past his house, came his entire regiment, unarmed, without officers or noncoms, heading for the Ladugårdsgärde. As he emerged the Fourth Company went by, and the Colonel ran up to it. At once he fell in line, keeping step with the men.

"Morning, Private," he said to a pimply youth at his side. "Where are you headed for?"

"The Ladugårdsgärde," the lad answered sullenly.

"I see," said the Colonel. "How did you get out?"

The man did not answer, but there was more of uneasiness than defiance in the look he cast his superior. The Colonel overtook the men of Company 3. "How did you fellows get out?" he asked a red-cheeked boy.

"Just walked out, Colonel," said the private, with an attempt of swagger in his voice. "Tired of being locked up."

Immediately ahead went the men of the Second Company. They were lithe and straight-backed, and, by Gad, they could march. He asked one of them, "What's the idea?"

"Demonstration, Sir," said the soldier, his blue eyes wavering.

Now the Colonel had reached the files of the First Company. The Body Com-

pany, it was called. They were all tall men who looked imposing on parade in their bearskin shakos.

"What's this nonsense?" he inquired of a man who had once been his orderly.

The private said nothing, only looked at him, flushed and afraid. The rest kept their eyes stubbornly ahead.

Two swift steps brought the Colonel away from the ranks and out in the street. He swung around and saw the long, grey line of soldiers, arms and feet moving in beautiful rhythm. Company after company doggedly tramping ahead.

Suddenly he ran ahead and faced the advancing lines. Raising his riding crop in his right hand high above his head he commanded in a loud voice, "Regiment, to the rear, march!"

Automatically the well drilled Body Company obeyed and there was something of relief in the swift manœuvre. They bumped into the men behind and pushed on until they, too, made face about. Here and there angry cries rose from the ranks as small groups of men tried in vain to stem the home-turning tide. In a few seconds the entire column was moving the other way.

The Colonel passed along the regiment, now marching back to the armory in good formation. When the barracks were reached he was at the head of the line where the boys of Company 12—the smallest privates in the regiment—stretched their short, stubby legs in true parade fashion.

The Colonel smiled and squared his shoulders. Communist propaganda, he thought. Bosh! There was nothing to worry about. At least not in his regiment. They were all good boys.

I S I
the
hun
ume fo
one roy
sating
fee fr
these p
press
piquan
the fac
thor, c
the p
sister
tack c
asked
Copen
He w
"A
tistics
year
volum
mark
set d
were
charg
exper
throu
sidie
"I
book
tenti
writ
high
them
drea
to d
book
then
of 5
borr
of
peo
bee
Has
Lea

Authors and Libraries

IS IT fair to an author that through the circulating libraries scores and hundreds of people may read a volume for which the author receives only one royalty? Is there any way of compensating the author, for instance by a small fee from every reader? Discussion on these points has been raging in the Danish press for many months past. Some piquancy is added to the controversy by the fact that Denmark's most famous author, Johannes V. Jensen, is in favor of the present free circulation, while his sister Thit Jensen has been leading the attack on the libraries. The REVIEW has asked a librarian, VALDEMAR HANSEN, of Copenhagen, to summarize the situation. He writes:

"According to the latest available statistics, the Danish public libraries in the year 1930-31 loaned a total of 7,594,869 volumes, a number which, in view of Denmark's three million population, must be set down as very large. These volumes were of course loaned entirely free of charge, the books being purchased and the expenses of the libraries defrayed in part through private gifts in part through subsidies by the commune and the State.

"In recent years the increasing mass of books thus circulated has caught the attention of the authors, especially the writers of fiction. In fact it has created a high degree of excitement in many of them; they have begun to dream golden dreams about the income which they ought to derive from the circulation of their books. Some of the authors, chief among them Thit Jensen, have argued that a fee of 5 öre ought to be paid for every book borrowed; others have forbidden the loan of their books with a view to forcing people to buy them. This position has been endorsed by the publisher Steen Hasselbalch. Finally, the Danish Authors' League has formulated a plan to demand

an additional payment equal to the price of the book for every volume purchased by a library for circulation. Last November the directors of the League sent out a circular to its four hundred members asking them to agree provisionally to forbid the free loan of their books, to take effect April 1, 1932. Among the signers of this circular were Henrik Pontoppidan, Andersen Nexö, Otto Rung, Olesen Lökken, and Harry Söiøberg. A number of writers have agreed to the prohibition.

"On the other hand, there are many, and by no means the least important, authors who have taken a stand against this proposition, among them first and foremost Johannes V. Jensen, Helge Rode, Ludvig Holstein, Oscar Thyregod, Johannes Jørgensen, and Poul la Cour. These authors claim that free circulation of books tends to develop interest in good literature. Who does not want to know a book before he buys it? they ask. And who does not want to own a good book once he has read it?

"This viewpoint, which I presume is the prevalent one in America, is of course shared by the representatives of the libraries, although they have in the main kept quiet and allowed the storm to rage. Apparently it is now abating, inasmuch as some of the most ardent champions of the authors' rights have withdrawn from the fight. Thit Jensen, who has received a scholarship for study in America, is leaving the country for a time. Mr. Hasselbalch has given up his contention, saying that he has lost faith in the ability of the authors to carry through any united action.

"Presumably authors and libraries will soon find one another again and realize that they are natural allies."

* * *

An interesting commentary on the issue is given by the statistics of books actually

purchased. In the publishers' advertisements during the peak of the season, right before Christmas, the number of sales of the new books are given. We note not only the best sellers such as that of Marcus Lauesen with thirty-five thousand and of Johannes Buchholtz with twelve thousand, but several others that have sold in numbers of four, five, and six thousand in a few weeks. In the field of translations we note Remarque's *The Road Back* with

twenty thousand; Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga* with eight thousand; Lytton Strachey's *Elizabeth and Essex* with five thousand, and so on. There is no doubt that the buying of books is far more common in the Scandinavian countries than here and especially that it is distributed over a much larger stratum of the population. As Johan Bojer once put it, "In Norway every scrubwoman buys a book now and then—and reads it."

A Comment on the Kensington Rune Stone

Dear Mr. Holand:

Many thanks for your letter. The points of detail on which I have ventured—and I am afraid still venture—to differ from you must wait for another letter. Meantime, I have great pleasure in writing down my main reasons for being convinced by you of the genuineness of the Kensington inscription. I will make it as short as I can, but the effect of your argument is cumulative, and I can't do justice to it in two or three sentences.

1. The modern Scandinavian population is exonerated by a conclusive alibi. You produce very strong reasons for believing the tree which covered the stone to have been seventy years old. To be on the safe side, beyond reasonable controversy, I halve that age arbitrarily, and still find the alibi complete.

2. The theory of fabrication thereupon involves the presence of a runologist in Minnesota at a date when he must have been almost as striking a phenomenon as a fourteenth century European expedition. The opponents of the stone may reasonably be challenged to perform the easy task of identifying such a *rara avis*. They have not done so.

3. This point is reinforced by the singular eccentricity necessarily attributable to the hypothetical forger.

a. He is a scholar of considerable attainments. He can read Latin and is familiar with the rare work of Ole Worm in that language. He quotes correctly the medieval and not the modern version of the Lord's Prayer. He is a pioneer in the historical research leading to the association of Paul Knutson with American exploration. The date and the admixture of Swedes and Norwegians are together beyond the chance of coincidence. He is also a bit of a geologist, for he recognizes that the site of his inscription was once an island.

But b. He displays an ignorance of grammar and spelling from which any elementary text-book would save him. There would be no point in doing this deliberately, for while a genuine inscription *might* be illiterate, it need not be so. He is also ignorant of such common runic letters as U (V), A, and K, though curiously enough he remembers (but reverses) G, which is merely a K dotted to soften it.

At this point, one invites the opposition to declare whether they plump for

the scholar or the ignoramus, and in either event they are confronted with serious difficulties.

c. Whether scholar or illiterate, he is evidently a silly ass. His purpose is presumably to indicate the presence of early Scandinavians in Minnesota. Having studied runes, he must have seen hundreds of scarcely varying precedents which will serve his end.

"Blank Blankson—and so and so—set up this stone to Dash Dashson—their comrade—a good man—who fell in Vinland—whom the Skraelings slew," any of these alternatives or a combination. It would be an easy task to plagiarise something short, simple, sufficient, and beyond criticism, on these stereotyped lines.

Instead, he taxes his scholarship and imagination to the limit to tell a long and circumstantial story, introducing figures—almost an unknown feature in runic inscriptions—and saying such *prima facie* impossible things as that he is on an island fourteen days from sea. This is all not only superfluous, but increases with every word the chance of a fatal slip.

Meantime he is spending at least two days carving his stone, in a spot where it is most unlikely to be found, but where he is extremely likely to have his scalp removed at any moment. Moreover, if he wants to add a date, and a fact or two, there is plenty of room on the face of the stone, since there is no need for a forger to set it upright in the ground. But he goes to the additional trouble of bush-hammering the edge, and continuing his story there.

Having risked his life in this unnecessary way, he quietly vanishes, leaving the discovery of his work to a most unlikely chance.

Reviewing all this, my credulity is much more severely taxed in accepting so

irrational a creature than in accepting Paul Knutson and his merry men.

4. What is left on the other side? Merely the linguistic peculiarities—a two-edged weapon, for a modern scholar is more likely to write grammatically than a fourteenth century Swedish sailor. You have, besides, produced precedent for every point impugned, and you argue with force that the irregularities criticized were probably much more common in colloquial usage. The alleged English words are, in particular, an obvious mare's nest.

5. Finally, if we are still wavering, there are the battle-axes, etc. They are medieval Scandinavian, and apparently exclusively Scandinavian, in type. Even if their nationality were more dubious, who brought medieval battle-axes to Minnesota? They antedate the known discovery of that region. They cannot, in most cases at any rate, be attributed to the modern population, even if it were likely that a Swedish or Norwegian immigrant would cumber himself with such things, and subsequently say nothing about them. We may further ask, if they are attributed to such a source, is it suggested that one man brought the whole collection? If so, how did they get scattered? If not, the improbability is multiplied with each additional eccentric farmer it postulates, especially since all the axes have many points in common.

Well, I have been carried away into greater length than I intended or you desire, but if your case is not conclusive, many men must be hanged annually on insufficient evidence.

Yours sincerely,

G. M. GATHORNE-HARDY

Donnington Priory,
Newbury, England
March 11, 1932

CURRENT EVENTS



U · S · A ·

¶ As the Republican and Democratic parties prepare to hold their respective conventions for the nomination of standard bearers in the Presidential election the coming November, the eyes of the country are centered on Chicago where on June 14 it is expected that the Republicans will signify their intention of selecting Herbert Hoover as their candidate to succeed himself in the high office of Chief Executive of the United States. Likewise meeting in the Chicago Stadium, the Democrats, starting their convention two weeks later, are not so settled in their minds as to their candidate. It is a fact that Governor Roosevelt of New York appears to have the lead of all his rivals at the moment of writing, and that his candidacy is based on pledges which the convention is bound to respect. But the issue between Governor Roosevelt and former Governor Alfred E. Smith is so indeterminate that few would care to make a guess as to the outcome in Chicago. Names like those of Newton D. Baker, Owen D. Young, Governor Ritchie of Maryland, and a number of others are being constantly brought forward as "dark horses," and, of course, Speaker John D. Garner, of the House of Representatives, is perhaps the most outstanding possibility against Governor Roosevelt should ex-Governor Smith fail to enter the arena with the support now credited to him. ¶ In the meantime, Washington has had other things to consider besides nominations for President. On April 16, President Hoover explained his economy plan for saving \$250,000,000 in the effort to balance the national budget. One of the provisions of the plan is the application of a five-day week directly to per diem employees by eliminating the equivalent of Saturday half-day

employment and furlough to be mandatory, and all holidays with pay to be eliminated. The President's suggestion met with strenuous opposition in Congress and nothing definite was agreed upon. ¶ With the Governors of many States in conference at Richmond, Virginia, April 25, President Hoover took advantage of the opportunity for a hurried trip to the southern city where he made a personal appeal for cooperation of all the States in a taxation programme that should aid in readjusting the economic situation and restore confidence in the country. In the same connection the administration on several occasions has pointed out through Ogden L. Mills, the Secretary of the Treasury, that one of the most important questions confronting the nation is how to divide the field of taxation between the Federal and State governments so as to make the taxes equitable and not excessively burdensome on certain classes of people and commodities. After his return from the Virginia State capital, the President had as his guests at the White House the governors attending the conference, where further discussion was had on the best measures for improving economic conditions. ¶ Final returns in the *Literary Digest* prohibition poll showed that only two of the forty-eight States voted a clear majority for the continuance of the Eighteenth Amendment. A check-up of the 4,668,537 ballots cast reveals a majority of 2 to 1, or more, to end the dry law. Kansas and North Carolina voted dry by a slight majority. New York State voted 426,694 for repeal against only 76,922 for continuance. It is yet to be seen what part the prohibition question will play in the Chicago conventions, although most of the candidates on the Democratic side have declared for repeals. ¶ The investigations into the workings of the New York Stock Exchange by a com-

mittee of the United States Senate began in Washington on April 24, with President Richard Whitney, of the Stock Exchange, the first important witness. Many technical questions as to the selling, depression or boosting of stocks, and the effect on the buying public, were asked the witness, and later charges were made by Representative F. H. La Guardia that in many instances it was known that writers for publication had been paid to influence stock values. It is anticipated that the Senate committee will extend the scope of its investigation to include many related matters to the issuance and distribution of stock securities. ¶ General Frank T. Hines, administrator of the Veterans' Bureaus, appeared before the House Ways and Means Committee on April 26 in opposition to the full cash payment of the soldiers' bonus. General Hines declared that the expenditures of his bureau in February alone amounted to \$70,000,000. He estimated that the present veteran unemployment was 600,000, or about the same as when the bonus plan became law in 1924. He added that there were probably from 500,000 to 700,000 veterans on part-time employment. On March 31 the total outstanding loans on certificates aggregated \$1,386,828,000. Like General Charles G. Dawes, head of the Reconstruction Corporation, General Hines opposed the issuance of the proposed \$2,000,000,000 new money plan which had been presented to the Ways and Means Committee. ¶ New York City's observance of the ceremonies which made George Washington the first President of the United States, 143 years ago, took place on April 30 as part of the bicentennial of Washington's birth. Kenneth M. Murchison impersonated Washington in the colorful pageantry that began with the departure from the New Jersey shore and continued with the landing at the foot of Wall Street, and a procession up Fifth Avenue to Bryant Park where the replica of Federal Hall, where Washington took the oath, had

been constructed for the purpose of here reenacting the scenes of nearly a century and a half ago. From the balcony of Federal Hall the impersonator of Washington here repeated the words which the Father of His Country spoke to his officers and the assembled patriots. Sunday, May 1, the reproduction of Mount Vernon, in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, was the scene of further ceremonies as part of the bicentennial celebration. ¶ Mrs. Alice Liddell Hargreaves, the original Alice of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*, arrived in the United States on April 30 to attend the celebration at Columbia University of the Carroll centenary. Mrs. Hargreaves is past eighty years and full of reminiscences about the events of that long ago when Charles Lutwidge Dodgson took the three little Liddell girls for a boat ride up the Thames, as a result of which were evolved those fantastic tales which won world renown. When asked which of the characters in *Alice in Wonderland* were her favorites, Mrs. Hargreaves gave the honor to the Cheshire Cat. The original manuscript, which was owned by Mrs. Hargreaves, was sold in London a few years ago and brought her \$77,000.



NORWAY

¶ The King's Message was delivered to the Storthing on April 6, and the debate that followed took an almost sensational turn. While the Representatives were discussing the Message, about four thousand persons gathered outside the Storthing, where they listened to fiery speeches by Alfred Madsen, vice-president of the Federation of Labor, and Mr. Torp, leader of the Labor Party. A delegation representing the masses then gained an audience with the leaders of the Storthing who listened to their demands for help in the present financial crisis. The climax of the debate was not reached, however, until the following

afternoon when the Minister of Defense, Major Quisling, in a speech before the Storting, announced that he had in his possession a number of documents which were highly compromising for some of the Norwegian Labor leaders. According to Minister Quisling two of the most prominent Labor leaders had been bought by a "hostile government," acting as that government's agents in Norway. Major Quisling furthermore stated that the labor skirmishes at Menstad last year were no local affair; at that time it was the intention of the Labor leaders whom he now attacked to promote uprisings in Oslo and Bergen. The Minister's speech made a great stir in the Storting. Members of the Labor Party challenged him to divulge the names of the two laborites, and demanded that he place all secret documents before the legislative body. Prime Minister Jens Hundseid handed his Minister of Defense what was generally considered a reprimand, saying that Mr. Quisling had used very strong language, and that he would have to shoulder the burden of proof himself until it was made clear whether his accusations were true or not. A special committee has been named to go into the matter. ¶ A determination to champion the liberal tariff policies of Norway was voiced April 28 by Throne Holst, president of the Associated Industries of Norway, in opening the general meeting of the group in Oslo. His views are taken to be representative of those held by industrial leaders. Mr. Holst said that Norway was a country with a very low and liberal tariff. The home industries enjoyed only a modest protection. Therefore there might be some reason for increasing the tariff considerably if Norway desired to follow the general trend towards protection throughout the world, but Norway's interest in international trade "leads us to wish that our country, in so far as possible, shall maintain and champion the liberal tariff policies which it always has pursued." Mr. Holst further stated:

"We wish our export industry in its struggles to be able to point out that Norway has been liberal in its dealings with other countries. Our export industry enjoys no protection. It builds to its own and its workers' capacities, and will hold its own under reasonable conditions of competition." Meanwhile Norway is feeling the effect of tariff walls set up by other countries. It has been announced that the new British tariff on shrimps and lobsters is almost prohibitive to Norwegian exporters, endangering a trade that amounts approximately to 1,000,000 kroner annually. ¶ After a year's idleness it seems likely that Norwegian whaling companies will send some of their ships to the Antarctic in the fall to resume whaling. The entire Norwegian whaling fleet was laid up last year on account of overproduction of whale-oil. More than ten thousand men were thrown out of work, and a total revenue of probably 200,000,000 kroner was lost when the last whaling season was called off. It is understood that the various Norwegian companies are agreed to bring back less oil than in previous years. The Storting has ratified the international treaty restricting whaling. ¶ Lars Oftedal, brilliant editor and owner of the *Stavanger Aftenblad*, thrice member of the Cabinet, died in his home at Stavanger April 19. Death followed an operation for cancer in the stomach just before last Christmas. Lars Oftedal was by many considered the ablest journalist of Norway. Entering the *Stavanger Aftenblad* immediately after being graduated from the law school at the University of Oslo, Lars Oftedal soon became nationally known for his editorials. Alert and agile, he transformed his paper from the rather obscure position of a provincial local organ into a daily of national importance. Endowed with tremendous energy, Lars Oftedal interested himself in community affairs, became a member of the Board of Aldermen in Stavanger in 1907, and in 1921 accepted the portfolio of the Department of Social Welfare in Blehr's cabinet.

When
he to
he
join
tary
sign
to th
only
his s
was
¶ No
Olym
war
Nor
all;
been
honor



pres
mar
mid
at a
Cop
men
with
tion
wer
Tro
Nis
req
thr
rive
for
a la
only
ins
the
ser
pe
led
me
me
aut
lav
Ju

When the Blehr cabinet resigned in 1923 he took his seat in the Storting to which he had been duly elected. In 1924 he joined the Mowinckel cabinet as Secretary of Commerce. When Mowinckel resigned in 1926, Lars Oftedal went back to the editorial chair he loved so well, only to leave it when Mowinckel formed his second cabinet in 1928. Lars Oftedal was fifty-five years old when he died. ¶ Norway's interest in the forthcoming Olympic Games in Los Angeles is so lukewarm that it is considered unlikely that Norwegian athletes will participate at all; so far only five amateur boxers have been assigned to compete for international honors.



DENMARK

¶ The agricultural crisis in South Jutland, with its resulting general economic depression throughout that part of Denmark, reached its climax during the middle of April when the chief of police at Aabenraa requested the authorities in Copenhagen to send him police reinforcements as he claimed to be unable to cope with the open opposition of the population to the dispossession proceedings which were taking place at a number of farms. Trouble centered at the farm of Jörgen Nissen in Stenderup, and acting on the request of the Aabenraa police head, fifty-three policemen from Copenhagen arrived at the farm and compelled the former owner to leave the premises, while a large crowd of neighboring farmers not only voiced their protests, but in some instances came into actual conflict with the police. ¶ The incident is considered serious in view of the state of mind of the people who, it is believed, have been misled by agitators from below the line. Former Minister H. P. Hanssen, in commenting on the events, declared that the authorities in Sundeved merely upheld the law, and that only a minority of the South Jutlanders were in sympathy with Jörgen

Nissen in his fight to retain his property. On the other hand, there is some difference of opinion as to the justification of sending the Copenhagen police to the scene without first exhausting every means for pacifying the populace in the section where the disturbances took place.

¶ Regret is general among the more conservative farmers in South Jutland that such strained relations should come about between the people who had hoped that the return to the mother country would bring them economic relief, and the authorities at the Danish capital. In Copenhagen itself there is considerable criticism of Minister of Justice Zahle for being so ready to acquiesce in the request for police reinforcements to South Jutland. According to Premier Stauning, as reported in *Berlingske Tidende*, the next session of the Rigsdag may have to consider extending a moratorium to South Jutland so as to avoid further conflicts and help the people to adjust their affairs.

¶ The reorganization of the Danish military and naval establishments caused considerable protest in quarters opposed to the present administration, and several largely attended meetings have taken place in Copenhagen where leading politicians, editors, educators, and others declared that, with special reference to the reduction in the navy personnel, the country was being unnecessarily exposed. There is a growing desire on the part of both army and navy high officers for a more intimate cooperation between the two branches of the service. Several meetings between the new head of the marine, Vice-Admiral Rechnitzer, and the commanding general, Lieutenant-General With, are said to have resulted in a better understanding, so that in the future no manœuvres will take place without high officers of both the army and the navy being present to make observations of the respective operations on land and water. ¶ When Admiral A. de Richelieu died on March 25 Denmark lost a citizen who perhaps more than any other one man was

instrumental in spreading the fame of the little country to the Far East. At one time lieutenant in the Danish marine, he succeeded in becoming the close friend and adviser of King Chulalongkorn, and helped in building the new Siam as a factor in international affairs. Ever since Admiral Richelieu's many years of labor in behalf of the oriental State, Danes have been welcome in that country, and it is characteristic of what Richelieu meant to the royal house of Siam that the sons of the kings were always sent to Denmark to complete their education. After his thirty years of service for Siam, Admiral Richelieu returned to Denmark in 1902. He became active in the management of the United Steamship Company, and was a member of the Rigsdag. He stood very close to King Frederik VIII, and was a Conservative in his politics. His greatest disappointment in life is said to have been the breakdown of the Landmandsbank, of which he had been a director for twenty-one years, and chairman of the board fourteen years. He exerted himself to the utmost in the rehabilitation of the bank. Admiral Richelieu had just completed his eightieth year when he passed away on his estate Kokkedal. ¶ Another name which has meant much to Denmark is that of Hans Tegner who died on April 1, at the age of seventy-eight years. As an illustrator Tegner had few equals in his country. His main work, and that by which perhaps he will be longest remembered, was his remarkable Holberg illustrations in which he showed a complete understanding of the underlying satire that characterized Ludvig Holberg's writings. The artist, Alfred Schmidt, in speaking of his friend and colleague, said that he considered him the ablest illustrator Denmark had ever produced. Earlier in his career, Tegner was associated with the Danish comic journal, *Punch*, but he would have nothing to do with political cartoons. This he left for others. For more than twenty years he was also connected with the firm of Bing & Grøndahl,

where some of the most noted art works were the result of his brush and inspiration. ¶ The retirement of Captain I. P. Holst from the active management of the Scandinavian American Line, of the United Steamship Company, recalls the long service of this well known figure in Danish maritime affairs. After entering the service of the company in 1888, Captain Holst took charge of the steamship *Hekla* in 1901. This was one of the ships of the Thingvalla line, bought by the United Steamship Company in 1898. Recalling the strenuous competition of the German and English companies in the early 'nineties, Captain Holst relates that in 1904 the fare was so low that it cost only 60 kroner to go across the Atlantic ocean third class. ¶ There is no longer any doubt as to the fate that overtook Knud Holmboe, the young Danish writer and traveler, who ventured into certain parts of Arabia after having been warned of the dangers that threatened him from the Bedouins. Willy Falkman, the young newspaper man who went in search of Holmboe, has learned that the latter was shot and killed in ambush by a member of the band of Emir Ibn Saud, and that the Arabian chieftain denies any responsibility in the matter because of the warning given Holmboe. Denmark has had a number of expeditions in that part of the trans-Jordan region in years past and Knud Holmboe, who spoke Arabian, was understood to be on the best of terms with several of the Bedouin tribes. He was especially anxious to follow up the discoveries and explorations of the expedition which as far back as 1761, under Dr. Niebuhr, laid the foundation for succeeding expeditions. A fate similar to that which befell Holmboe was that of the young Austrian Siegfried Langer, who was murdered in 1882 while in charge of what were considered friendly Bedouins.



a will
—reg
—eve
presen
as exp
bers o
by le
as we
far th
dozen
mittee
up ne
spond
upon
are sh
ing d
panic
less
life,
depre
exist
citize
of th
day's
seem
of ou
esty
lay
have
can
the
¶ T
the
Tid
fort
on t
natu
abo
ship
with
His
the
will
Pol
wil



SWEDEN

¶ A genuine desire to go to the very bottom of the vast and intricate Kreuger affair, a willingness to have revealed thoroughly—regardless of how painful the process—every wrong transaction, sums up the present attitude of the Swedish people, as expressed in the newspapers, by members of the Government and the Riksdag, by leading financiers and industrialists, as well as by the man in the street. So far the authorities have detained a half dozen men, and the investigating committee is proceeding relentlessly, turning up new evidence. ¶ Foreign press correspondents in Stockholm have remarked upon the fine spirit which the inhabitants are showing in these extraordinarily trying days. There has been no hysteria, no panic. Business is carrying on more or less as usual, and the city's amusement life, although dampened by the general depression, is still gay. There seems to exist an unwritten agreement between the citizens not to let the bitterness and pain of the Kreuger débâcle overwhelm today's activities. This tragic case, they seem to say, cannot shake the foundation of our business, our old traditions of honesty and integrity. Bring on the facts, lay them open, because not before we have pulled this thing up by the roots can we turn away from it finally and face the future with new hope and assurance. ¶ This state of mind was expressed by the *Göteborgs Handels- och Sjöfartstidning* in a recent editorial. Sweden's fortune and future, said the writer, rest on the iron ore, the vast forests, and other natural resources in which the country abounds. Swedish industry and banking, shipping and mining, did not originate with the fantastic rise of Ivar Kreuger. His tragic death cannot deter them on their steady march forward. ¶ Sweden will take part in the Second International Polar Year, 1932-33, when eleven nations will make scientific researches in the Arc-

tic region. Aside from Sweden, the United States will equip an expedition, as will Norway, Denmark, Finland, Russia, Holland, France, Austria, Canada, and Japan. The various groups plan to remain around the North Pole for about twelve months. Preparations are completed in Stockholm for Sweden's participation. The expedition will be headed by F. Lindblom, government meteorologist, and will include many celebrated Swedish scientists. The Svea coal mine, on Svalbard, will serve as headquarters for the Swedish group, and two smaller stations will be established at other points on the island, all to be in connection with each other via radio. Portable cabins to live in and Lapp dogs to pull sleds have already been shipped from Sweden. The expeditons will make careful study of the phenomenon of the northern light and its effect upon radio broadcasting, as well as examine the Polar air currents. ¶ A memorial exhibition in honor of King Gustaf II Adolf, Sweden's hero in the Thirty Years War, will open in Stockholm this summer to commemorate the tercentenary of the King's death in the battle of Lützen, in 1632. Dr. Åke Stavenow will head the exhibition which will remain open for five months. It is the aim of the officials, said Dr. Stavenow in an interview, to interpret both Gustaf Adolf and his life and work. Therefore, in connection with the exhibition, will be shown what the King did for Swedish education, law, art, defense, etc. Many rare relics, either owned by the King or dating from his time, will be borrowed from Germany, where he waged most of his campaigns. ¶ Läckö Castle, one of Sweden's oldest feudal palaces, has undergone repairs, and today some sixty of its two hundred and fifty rooms are faithfully restored. Beautifully situated on a promontory in Lake Vänern, Läckö was founded early in the fifteenth century. Its massive lines and graceful towers make it an imposing sight, much admired by passengers on the Göta Canal, on their way

across Vänern from Gothenburg to Stockholm. For many years the castle was owned by Count Magnus Gabriel de la Gardie, Chancellor of the Realm and a friend of Queen Christina. Sumptuous and elaborate feasts were arranged by de la Gardie. Among the rooms now brought back to their ancient beauty are the stately banqueting hall, measuring 45 by 70 feet, the library, the writing room, and the so-called Hall of Peace. ¶ Preparations are being made to celebrate this summer the centenary of the Göta Canal, Sweden's blue belt which crosses the country from Gothenburg on the West Coast to Stockholm on the East. Like the Panama Canal, the Swedish waterway was finished by the army engineers, and more than 43,000 members of the regular army helped in the digging. As high explosives were not then known, they did most of their work with pick and shovel. In commemoration of their work a monument will be erected this summer at the Berg locks in the province of Östergötland, where the boats go down a gigantic stairway into Lake Roxen. Captain Carl af Geijerstam, of Skövde, announced that 8,000 of the required 10,000 kronor have already been subscribed. Among the surveyors who worked on the Canal was John Ericsson, inventor of the revolving turret in warships, as exemplified in his *Monitor* of Civil War fame. His older brother, Nils, who later became the chief builder of the Swedish State Railways, was also one of the engineers who staked out the canal. Though the waterway is still in regular use, both for freight and passengers, chiefly tourists, the route being famed for its scenery, it is doubtful if it had been built had the possibilities of railroads been realized at the time. ¶ "Know your own country" is the patriotic slogan

of the Swedish Tourist Association, which now has nearly 130,000 members. Last year more than 32,000 persons made use of the sport cabins, motor-boats, etc. of the Association. In all about 1,000,000 kronor were received in membership fees and an equally large sum expended. Nearly 700,000 booklets and brochures were mailed and 200 kilometers of new paths and roads were added to the 935 kilometers previously opened by the Association. ¶ Sweden's oldest Lapp school, that of Tärna, recently celebrated its three hundredth anniversary. It was founded in 1632, the last year of the reign of King Gustaf II Adolf, upon the initiative of the Reverend Olaus Petri Njunenius, rector in Umeå. The first government official charged with the affairs of the school was King Gustaf Adolf's privy councillor, Johan Skytte, who donated 5,000 dalers in silver to the new institution. At the tercentenary celebration many dignitaries of the realm were present, as well as Swedish settlers and Lapps, attired in their colorful native costumes. Johan Almqvist, former Minister of Cults and Education, in a speech dwelt upon the fact that as early as in the fifteenth century the Swedish government recognized the full civic rights of the Lapps and their privilege of becoming educated. ¶ A Swedish "Wool Week" was observed all over Sweden during April 9-16, as a part of the national propaganda to "Buy Swedish." Leading department stores and haberdashers prominently displayed native textiles in wool as well as garments made of this material. In many cities the press, the radio, and the motion picture theaters cooperated. The Swedish wool industry last year paid out nearly 100,000,000 kronor in wages.

NO

The V

An

exhibi

in the

Mr. V

occasi

Scand

compr

compr

work

happ

home

arran

the w

green

backg

his na

Sev

fount

were

life-s

gard

wave

of su

sive

figur

seen

sketo

from

stad.

were

seid

An

perh

mati

Dan

ume

plac

brek

from

a sk

indi

A

two

chet

T

15,

NORTHERN LIGHTS

The Work of Carl Milles Seen Here

An event of first importance was the exhibition of the sculpture of Carl Milles in the Brooklyn Museum, whose director, Mr. William Henry Fox, has on many occasions shown his appreciation of Scandinavian art. The exhibition, which comprised forty-six pieces, was the most comprehensive collection of the artist's work ever seen in this country, or perhaps in any other place except his own home on Lidingön near Stockholm. It was arranged by the sculptor himself, and the well lit court with its walls painted green for the occasion made a splendid background for the rich green bronze of his naiads and tritons.

Several of the interesting and original fountains for which the artist is famous were reproduced in whole or in part. Four life-size tritons in bronze from his own garden made a singularly rhythmic and wave-like effect that suggested the glitter of sunny water. The moving and impressive figure of Folke Filbyter, the central figure of the fountain in Linköping, was seen in a bronze sketch. Another bronze sketch of Europa and the Bull is taken from the design for the fountain at Halmstad. Numerous mermaids and tritons were designated as details from the Poseidon fountain in Gothenburg.

Among the monuments represented, perhaps the most striking was the dramatic figure of St. Paul on the Road to Damascus. A sketch in wood for a monument of Emanuel Swedenborg to be placed in London, a study of an Engelbrekt statue to be placed on a column in front of the Town Hall in Stockholm, and a sketch for a monument of General Lee indicate the scope of the artist's work.

Among the groups of animals were the two great boars designed for Lord Melchett.

The exhibition, which lasted till May 15, attracted a great number of visitors.

Scandinavian Artists in the Brooklyn Museum

Simultaneously with the exhibition of Carl Milles' work, the Brooklyn Museum showed a large collection of paintings by Scandinavian American painters and sculptors. This is the fourth exhibition arranged under the auspices of the Society of Scandinavian American Artists, whose president is Olaf Olesen. It was gratifying to see, together with the work of many younger artists, a representation of painters who have long been nationally known, such as Birger Sandzén and John F. Carlson, as well as a memorial exhibition of the work of Emil Carlsen, who recently died and who was no doubt the best known American painter of Danish birth.

Geographically, the exhibition comprised Canada and Mexico as well as the United States, and one noted among contributors from a distance some interesting wood carvings in the Swedish style by Emil Janel of San Francisco. In the department of sculpture were some distinguished portrait heads by George Lober. At the entrance to the exhibition were hung some of the beautiful woven tapestries by Ragna Breivik representing the troll pictures of Gerhard Munthe.

In Selma Lagerlöf's Jerusalem

Lars Hol Larsson, one of the members of the unique religious colony—described in Selma Lagerlöf's novel, *Jerusalem*—founded at the beginning of this century and still in existence in the Holy Land, is now Swedish Consul in Jerusalem, and recently he made a visit to Stockholm. The group, later augmented by followers from the United States, lived according to the communistic ideas of the early Christians, sharing all things alike. At first they operated but one small store and a hotel on the road to Damascus, but in later years trade increased and they began to supply Swedish products to the natives. Now there are several import houses which sell Swedish staple articles.

The colony suffered from the war, but helped to feed and clothe the natives. Now it is broken up, and a division has been made between the property of the Swedish and the American settlers. Several Dalecarlian peasants are still living in their old homes, tending their gardens or managing stores or boarding houses.

Bothwell's Scandinavian Haunts

The ancient castle of Malmö, where the Earl of Bothwell, third husband of Mary Queen of Scots, was imprisoned for six years, has been turned into a museum. Built in 1434, it is one of Sweden's most historically interesting castles, containing large art collections. The imprisonment of the Earl of Bothwell occurred in 1567, after he had been defeated at Carberry Hill, Scotland. Bothwell was accused of piracy along the Norwegian coast and was captured by the Danes who put him in prison, first in Copenhagen and later in Malmö, which was then under Danish rule. He died in the castle of Dragsholm, in Denmark.

Reumert at the Sorbonne

The Danish actor Poul Reumert lectured last spring at the Sorbonne on the subject of "Molière on the Danish Stage." The speaker was introduced by Professor Verrier and was enthusiastically received by a large audience. Poul Reumert before leaving Copenhagen for Paris severed his connection with the Dagmar Theater where he has been acting for many years.

Eminent Swedish Lecturers in England

Professor Gustav Cassel, the Swedish economist, will act as this year's Rhodes lecturer at Oxford University—the highest honor the institution can bestow. Elected an honorary member of All Souls College, Professor Cassel will make his home and take his meals in this ancient part of Oxford. He will remain for eight weeks. Last year Professor Einstein lectured to the British, Colonial and American students on his relativity theory. Pro-

fessor Cassel will speak on the crisis of the world's monetary system.

The first Swede to lecture at the London University under the auspices of the Newmarch Foundation will be Professor Bertil Ohlin, celebrated economist of Stockholm, former Fellow of the Foundation. This honor is very seldom bestowed upon a foreigner.

Muus Centennial at St. Olaf

St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minnesota, recently celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of its founder, the Rev. I. B. Muus.

St. Olaf, which was destined to grow into the largest Norwegian American college, was from its beginning coeducational and constituted the first attempt to give the daughters of Norwegian immigrants the same education as was given their sons. It was at first an academy with a restricted curriculum and carried on under the most primitive conditions, but evidently the school had in it the seed of a splendid growth.

Muus was one of the pioneer ministers of the Norwegian Synod, coming to this country in 1859. He was born, March 15, 1832, at Snaasen in the Trondheim district, and in his old age returned to his native country. His grave is at the Trondheim Cathedral, and two years ago was visited by the famous choir of St. Olaf which was making a tour of Norway and took occasion to pay honor to the founder of the college.

Scandinavians Make Good Showing

An illiteracy map of the United States based on the census of 1930 demonstrates that the "Scandinavian States" from Washington and Oregon in the west to Wisconsin in the east and from the Canadian border to Kansas in the south stand especially well, having only between 1 and 2 per cent illiteracy. Only one State in the Union, Iowa, has less than 1 per cent illiteracy, while the average for the whole country is 4.3 per cent.

THE AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

*For better intellectual relations between the American and Scandinavian peoples,
by means of an exchange of students, publications, and a Bureau of Information*

ESTABLISHED BY NIELS POULSON, IN 1911

Trustees: Henry Goddard Leach, President; Charles S. Haight, John A. Gade, William Hovgaard, Vice-Presidents; H. Esk. Moller, Treasurer; John G. Bergquist, E. A. Cappelen-Smith, James Creese, John D. Hage, Hamilton Holt, Edwin O. Holter, George N. Jeppson, William Witherle Lawrence, Hilmer Lundbeck, Frederick Lynch, Charles S. Peterson, Charles J. Rhoads, Frederic Schaefer, Hans Christian Sonne, George Vincent, Owen D. Young.

Cooperating Bodies: **Sweden**—Sverige-Amerika Stiftelsen, Grevturegatan 16, Stockholm, J. S. Edström, President; A. R. Nordvall, Kommerserådet Enström, and Professor The. Svedberg, Vice-Presidents; Eva Fröberg, Secretary; **Denmark**—Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab, M. I. T. C. Clan, President; Viggo Carstensen, Secretary, Store Kongensgade 72, Copenhagen; **Norway**—Norge-Amerika Fondet, Lille Strandgate 1, Oslo; K. J. Hougen, Chairman; Arne Kildal, Secretary.

Associates: All who are in sympathy with the aims of the Foundation are invited to become Associates. **Regular Associates**, paying \$3.00 annually, receive the **REVIEW**. **Sustaining Associates**, paying \$10.00 annually, receive the **REVIEW** and **CLASSICS**. **Life Associates**, paying \$200.00 once for all, receive all publications.

Trustees' Meeting

The regular spring meeting of the Trustees of the Foundation was held at the Harvard Club in New York on Saturday, May 7. Professor William Hovgaard of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Chairman of the Applications Committee, presented his report and the Board confirmed the appointment of the following Fellows for study in the Scandinavian countries for the academic year 1932-33:

Linton R. Wilson (reappointment), Fellow to Sweden. Princeton University, B.A., 1925; M.F.A., 1928. To continue preparation of a book on modern Swedish architecture.

Brynolf J. Hovde, Fellow to Sweden. Luther College, B.A., 1916; University of Iowa, M.A., 1919; Ph.D., 1924. Associate professor of history, University of Pittsburgh. To complete collection of material on Scandinavian social and economic history for a book in preparation.

Harry Richard Seiwel, Fellow to Norway. University of North Carolina, Sc.B., 1927. Candidate for Ph.D. at Harvard. Investigator at Oceanographic Institution, Woods Hole, Massachusetts. To study chemical oceanography.

Alfred Crawford Robertson, Fellow to Denmark. Oregon State College, B.S., 1922; M.S., 1924. University of Wisconsin, Ph.D., 1925. Research associate in chemical engineering, University of Illinois. To study physical chemistry.

Alternate appointed:

George Lewis Tuve, University of Minnesota, B.S., 1920; M.E., 1921. Associate professor of mechanical engineering, Case School, Cleveland, Ohio.

Fellows of the Foundation

Mr. Gunnar Hök, Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden, who has been studying at the Harvard Engineering School, left early in April for a tour of engineering institutions in the West.

Mr. Linton R. Wilson, who was recently reappointed Fellow of the Foundation to Sweden, sailed on May 10. Mr. Wilson will continue work on his book on modern Swedish architecture which the Foundation will publish in 1933.

Dr. Brynolf J. Hovde, Fellow of the Foundation to Sweden, will sail on June 2. Dr. Hovde is a member of the Department of History at the University of Pittsburgh and will pursue historical research while in Sweden.

In Boston

The fifth annual banquet of the American-Scandinavian Forum was held at the Hotel Commander in Cambridge on Friday, April 29, at 7 p.m. There was a reception preceding the dinner. The guests of honor were Professor Paul R. Lieder of Smith College who spoke on "Ibsen Today" and Mr. Einar Hansen, violinist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The New York Chapter

The Annual Meeting of the New York Chapter was held in the offices of the Foundation on Monday, May 2, at 8:30 p.m., and the following officers were elected to serve for the coming year:

President, Mr. Eric A. Löf; vice-presidents, Dr. Frederick B. Robinson, Mr. Sigurd Arnesen, Mr. Robert B. Holst; secretary, Mr. Rolf T. Michelsen; treasurer, Mr. Christian de Neergaard; assistant treasurer, Mrs. J. P. Breivogel; chairman of social committee, Mrs. Rasmus M. Michelsen; chairman of membership committee, Mr. Ditlev O. Höst; chairman of advisory committee, Dr. G. Gunnar Molin; chairman of publicity

committee, Mr. Charles K. Johansen; chairman of committee on history and archives of chapter, Mrs. Andrew J. Riis.

A resolution of thanks was voted Mr. Harald W. Rambusch and Mrs. G. Hilmer Lundbeck, the retiring president and chairman of the social committee, respectively, for the work which they had done during three years of office.

**"Eyvind of the Hills"
Performed in England**

Through the courtesy of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, publishers, *Eyvind of the Hills*, an Icelandic drama by Johann Sigurjónsson, was performed by the Adventurers, an amateur theatrical company of Brighton, England, on April 7 and 8.

In Philadelphia

The Vice-Consul of Norway in Philadelphia, Mr. M. Moe, again represented the Foundation at the thirty-sixth annual meeting of the American Academy of Political and Social Science held at the Bellevue Stratford Hotel on April 15 and 16. The general topic under discussion was *National and World Planning*.

The Trustees of the American-Scandinavian Foundation have authorized the publication of the REVIEW in 1932 in ten instead of twelve consecutive numbers. The present enlarged number, containing seventy pages of reading matter, is a combination of the June and July issues. The August and September numbers will also be combined in one issue which will appear at the end of August.

We hope our readers will stand loyally behind the REVIEW in this effort to reduce the strain on the budget of the Foundation.

THE REVIEW AND



ITS CONTRIBUTORS

As announced on the preceding page, the REVIEW will combine its four summer numbers into two, and the present is therefore our last appearance before the vacation. It is with regret we think of losing contact with our readers for over two months, but the curtailment is a necessary measure of economy. We want to point out, however, that although the number of issues is reduced from twelve to ten, the actual amount of reading matter is as much as in more prosperous years. The REVIEW has not diminished its size with the falling off of advertising which has affected us in common with every other magazine in the country. As the advertisements vanished, we have filled the pages with reading matter. This meant that, while our income diminished, our expenses for author's fees and photographs increased. This discrepancy cannot go on forever. The present number, with seventy pages of literary matter and pictures, is actually the largest we have ever published. Whether we shall be able to make the August-September issue as large, will depend on the outlook for advertising and on the amount of support our readers can give us. We are grateful both to the advertisers and to the thousands of readers who have stood by the REVIEW in hard times.

Einar Skavlan, who writes on Johanne Dybwad, is a noted editor of Oslo. He is the author of the brilliant life of Hamsun which appeared for the author's seventieth birthday two years ago. . . . Aage Marcus is librarian at the Royal Academy of Art in Copenhagen and is a close friend of Johannes V. Jensen. . . . Sven Stolpe, who writes on the workingmen

authors of Sweden, is himself one of the younger novelists of Stockholm. His novel *In the Waiting Room of Death*, describing life at a German sanatorium for tubercular patients, was hailed as a vigorous and promising work. His last book is a Stockholm story entitled *The Coward*. . . . Olaf Hultedahl has been professor of geology at the University of Oslo since 1920. He has led scientific expeditions in Arctic and Antarctic regions and has written extensively on the scientific results of his journeys.

Our old contributor Julius Clausen is in a belligerent mood regarding the new appendage to the old Royal Theater, and from all we can learn, his views are supported by intelligent theater-lovers of Copenhagen. We believe all our readers who have lived in or visited Copenhagen will be interested in what he has to say on the subject. . . . Kristmann Gudmundsson is one of the younger Icelandic authors who has elected to write in Norwegian in order to get a larger audience than that of his native island. His novel *The Bridal Gown*, published a few years ago, was his first great success and has been published in English. . . . Johan Bojer, almost as well known here as in Norway, was the object of great homage on his sixtieth birthday, March 6. . . . Fred A. Brown is an English contributor, a resident of Cardiff, Wales. . . . Holger Lundbergh appears in this number for the first time as an author of fiction.

The position of G. M. Gathorne-Hardy as a world authority on the Norse discoveries of America gives weight to his opinion on the Kensington Rune Stone.



Scandinavian Books

*In the Original Languages and
in English Translations*

ART BOOKS, MUSIC

Imported Magazines and Papers

Children's Picture Books

Postal Cards, Etc.

Catalogues Free on Request

BONNIERS

561 Third Avenue

New York

(Corner of 37th Street)

The Saga of The Volsungs The Saga of Ragnar Lodbrok The Lay of Kraka

The finest of Scandinavian heroic legends, told in connected prose form in **THE SAGA OF THE VOLSUNGS**, has been completely and independently translated from the original text. It tells of a mythical race of heroes sprung from Odin, who filled the world with their fame, until the greatest of them all, Sigurd, was slain through the jealousy of Brynhild and the treachery of his wife's kinsmen.

THE SAGA OF RAGNAR LODBROK, marked by the adventurous spirit of the Viking Age, continues the line of Volsung heroes through the marriage of Ragnar to Sigurd's daughter, Aslaug.

THE LAY OF KRAKA is a monologue spoken by Ragnar just before his death.

These three pieces are now for the first time presented together in an English translation by Margaret Schlauch.

Price \$2.50

Please order from

**The
American-Scandinavian
Foundation**

25 West 45th Street, New York

NORWAY



DIRECT IN 8 DAYS

NEW

**LOW RATES IN
EFFECT**

on the

"STAVANGERFJORD"

and

"BERGENSFJORD"

Join our "Stavangerfjord" North Cape
Cruise from Oslo July 9. Prices \$50 and up

SAILINGS

From Oslo	From N.Y.
May 27..... BERGENSFJORDJune 11
June 11... STAVANGERFJORDJune 25
June 25..... BERGENSFJORDJuly 9
July 23..... BERGENSFJORDAug. 6
Aug. 13... STAVANGERFJORDAug. 27

ONE WAY MINIMUM RATES

CABIN	\$116.00
TOURIST	97.00
THIRD	75.00

ROUND TRIP MINIMUM RATES

CABIN	\$215.00
TOURIST	160.00
THIRD	125.00

For full information, illustrated literature and assistance in obtaining necessary documents, apply to local agents or to

**NORWEGIAN-AMERICA LINE
AGENCY, Inc.**

22 Whitehall Street, New York

Telephone Bowling Green 9-5570

CHICAGO.....	75 East Wacker Drive
MINNEAPOLIS.....	129-131 So. 3rd St.
WINNIPEG.....	278 Main St.
SEATTLE.....	4th & Union
SAN FRANCISCO	120 Market St.

TRADE NOTES

PROMOTION OF AGRICULTURE IN
NORTHERN NORWAY ADVOCATED

Large sections of northern Norway possess virgin soil, and it is suggested by a correspondent in the publication *Norway* that efforts should be made to place this land under more intense cultivation. The total area of the region known as Nordland is about 30,000,000 acres. The population has grown from 308,766 in 1920 to 339,041 in 1930. Government subsidies have been granted with a view of establishing sixteen hundred new farms in that section of Norway, and up to the present time about 23,000 acres have been brought under cultivation. Growth of plants and shrubs is accelerated there by the light summer nights during which the sun never sets.

SWEDISH ENGINEERING SKILL
EMPLOYED IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES

For some time Swedish engineers have been busy in countries like Turkey, Persia, and British India. Railroad construction in Persia calls for the delivery of machinery of various kinds valued at 6,000,000 kronor. In Istanbul a factory is now under construction for making rubber products. The plant is under the direction of Gösta Gislow, head of the Swedish Gislaved Rubber Company of Småland. The Swedish Turbine Company has delivered a 840-horsepower back-pressure turbine for a sugar mill in the Philippines, a 2,100-horsepower combination draw-off and condensing turbine for a paper mill in Greece, and a 2,000-horsepower turbine for a cement works in Shahabad, India.

DENMARK WATCHFUL OF ENGLAND'S
FIVE-YEAR BACON PLAN

Since England is Denmark's best customer for bacon, the report that the English Government is suggesting a five-year plan for the home production of bacon naturally arouses the interest of the Danish producers. The *Daily Herald* is credited with the information that the plan has been placed before Sir John Gilmour for his further examination, and that this statesman is to take the matter up in Parliament at its next session. One of the reported suggestions is that the English packers arrange long term contracts with the farmers based on satisfactory prices for pigs, and that Irish farmers are likewise to be interested in the plan. Irish bacon already is a favored article on the London market.

FIRM CHANGES ITS NAME

The name of the well known wholesale firm B. Westergaard & Co., Brooklyn, N.Y., importers of Scandinavian food products, is to be changed from June 1 to Westergaard, Berg-Johnsen Co. The firm was established in 1910 by Mr. B. Westergaard and a few years later Mr. J. Berg-Johnsen joined it as partner. The company is the largest importer in America of Scandinavian canned and salted fish, cheese, game, and other table delicacies.



**Direct to
NORWAY**
(Christiansand
and Oslo)
in 8 Days
and
DENMARK
(Copenhagen)

**Quick Connections to
SWEDEN, FINLAND
RUSSIA, and Continent**
Large, Steady, Comfortable
Ocean Liners

New LOW RATES
in CABIN CLASS, TOURIST
CLASS and 3rd CLASS
See our detailed rate sheets

SAILINGS

From Copen- hagen	From Oslo	STEAMER	From New York
June 2	June 3	United States	June 18
June 17	June 18	Frederik VIII	July 2
July 7	July 8	United States	July 23
July 29	July 30	Frederik VIII	Aug. 13
Aug. 18	Aug. 19	United States	Sept. 3
Sept. 2	Sept. 3	Frederik VIII	Sept. 17

STEAMERS LEAVE at 11 a.m. N.Y. City Time

*For reservations and information apply
to local agents and tourist offices, or*

SCANDINAVIAN-
AMERICAN LINE

**General Offices: Passenger Department
27 Whitehall Street, New York**

Chicago	130 N. LaSalle Street
Minneapolis	123 S. Third Street
Boston	248 Washington Street
Seattle	1402 Third Avenue
San Francisco	582 Market Street
Montreal	969 St. Antoine Street
Winnipeg	461 Main Street
Halifax	51 Upper Water Street



"The American Route to Northern Europe"

NEW YORK to COPENHAGEN, STOCKHOLM, GDYNIA-DANZIG, HELSINGFORS and LENINGRAD

Four Modern Newly Rebuilt One Class Steamers
All Outside Rooms with Private Baths or Showers
Attractive Public Rooms - Sports - Promenade Decks

SAILINGS

S.S. SCANPENN	June 9
S.S. SCANYORK	June 23
S.S. SCANMAIL	June 30
S.S. SCANSTATES	July 9
S.S. SCANPENN	July 29

RATES

	ONE WAY	RD. TRIP
COPENHAGEN	\$105.00	\$189.00
GDYNIA-DANZIG	105.00	189.00
STOCKHOLM	112.50	202.50
HELSINGFORS	115.00	207.00
LENINGRAD	120.00	216.00

Send for Our New Descriptive Booklet

AMERICAN SCANTIC LINE

MOORE & McCORMACK CO., Inc., Managing Agents

5 Broadway, New York City Telephone Digby 4-6700

Philadelphia, Pa.	Bourse Bldg.
Boston, Mass.	Hoosac Piers
Chicago, Ill.	Marquette Bldg.
New Orleans, La.	1548 Canal Bank Bldg.
Baltimore, Md.	15 S. Gay St.
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Oliver Bldg.
St. Louis, Mo.	Railway Exchange Bldg.
Tampa, Fla.	Stovall Prof. Bldg.
Detroit, Mich.	Industrial Bank Bldg.

Memphis, Tenn.	Cotton Exchange Bldg.
Mobile, Ala.	Meaher Bldg.
Stockholm, Sweden	Jacobstorg 3
Copenhagen, Denmark	Store Kongensgade 114
Helsingfors, Finland.	North American Line Agency Co.
Oslo, Norway	E.B. Lund A/S
Gdynia, Poland	Gdynia-Port
Warsaw, Poland	Jerozolimska 33
Danzig	H. Lenczat & Co.

SHIPPING NOTES

BUILDING PROGRAM OF THE AMERICAN SCANTIC LINE

In the large program of building carried out by the Scantic Line, the first of the reconstructed boats to be put into service is the *Scanpenn*, formerly the *Bird City*, which will sail from New York on June 9. Entirely new passenger accommodations have been built, providing for as many as seventy-two passengers. All the staterooms have private baths and showers, and some have private verandas. The public rooms include a Nordic hall, a lounge, and smoking room, and there is ample space on the sun and sport decks. With all these improvements the rates have remained moderate, and there is only one class on board.

The *Scanpenn* will be followed by the *Scanyork*, the *Scanmail*, and *Scanstates*, all of which have been recently renamed as well as rebuilt.

The owners and operators of the line are Moore & McCormack Company. The vice-president of the company is Mr. Robert C. Lee.

NEW WESTFAL-LARSEN MOTORSHIPS FOR PACIFIC COAST-EUROPE SERVICE

Westfal-Larsen & Company of Bergen are having three motorships built in Dutch shipyards which will enter the service between the Pacific coast and France, Belgium, and Holland. The ships will be named *Berganger*, *Moldanger*, and *Trondanger* and will have a deadweight of 9,500 tons each. General cargo such as canned goods, dried fruits and fresh fruits will be stowed in specially equipped holds.

NEW MOTORSHIPS FOR ISBRANDTSEN-MOLLER COMPANY

The Isbrandtsen-Moller Company's new motor ship *Peter Maersk*, recently built at the shipyard of A. P. Moller, Odense, Denmark, entered on the Far East service the middle of April and after leaving New York, touched at Hampton Roads, Savannah, Cristobal, Los Angeles, Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila, Cebu and Iloilo, in the Philippines. The *Peter Maersk* makes sixteen knots, and is equipped with the latest Diesel machinery. There are accommodations for sixteen passengers. There is special refrigeration for perishable goods and provision made for handling the heaviest kind of machinery. A sister ship, the *Asa Maersk*, will shortly follow and will be the third of the three new ships entering the Far East service in which five ships of the company are on regular schedule.

WILH. WILHELMSSEN ON THE OUTLOOK FOR SHIPPING

In a recent interview Wilh. Wilhelmsen, the well known Norwegian shipowner, made a number of important statements with regard to the present position of shipping in general, and what might be expected in the near future. Mr. Wilhelmsen declared that competition was one of the things that had to be met on equal terms, and that in Norway more should be done by the authorities to meet the easier conditions under which shipping companies in other countries were able to carry on. The high taxes in Norway, according to Mr. Wilhelmsen, were the main handicap of Norwegian shipowners.